

# COUNTRY LIFE

THE JOURNAL FOR ALL INTERESTED IN  
COUNTRY LIFE AND COUNTRY PURSUITS. ILLUSTRATED.

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THE Journal for all interested in  
Country Life and Country Pursuits

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EDITORIAL NOTICE.

The Editor will be glad to receive for consideration photographs, instantaneous or otherwise, besides literary contributions, in the shape of articles and descriptions, as well as short stories, sporting or otherwise, not exceeding 2,000 words. Contributors are specially requested to place their names and addresses on their MSS. and on the backs of photographs. The Editor will not be responsible for the return of artistic or literary contributions which he may not be able to use, and the receipt of a proof must not be taken as evidence that an article is accepted. Publication in COUNTRY LIFE alone will be recognised as acceptance. Where stamps are enclosed, the Editor will do his best to return those contributions which he does not require.

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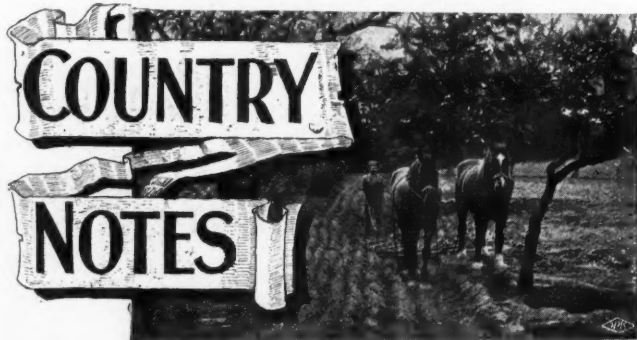
OF SEASONABLE . . .  
WEATHER.

THE winter in which the old century and the new joined hands has justified its name; it has freed itself from the reproach of being a mild winter; and it cannot be indicted accurately upon the lines of the statute therein made and provided, to wit that, "A green Yule maketh a fat churchyard." The statute is, we believe, totally opposed to statistics, which show that men and women, particularly those who are well-stricken in years, can stand warmth and moisture far better than the wild north-easter. But, be that as it may, Yule has a technical defence such as it would delight a meticulous lawyer to adduce before the jury of public opinion. Christmas Day was warm enough, as warmth is reckoned in winter, and the temperature of December was well above the average; but Yule, which is as ancient as any expression we use, is really about coincident with old Christmas Day, which was cold and wintry enough this year in all conscience, and then, and on the following days, brisk and hearty folks, with the blood coursing vigorously in their veins, rubbed their hands cheerfully, and protested to all complainants that it was seasonable weather. Now it must be admitted that in London it is not altogether easy to sympathise with or even to tolerate these oppressively hearty folks. True it is that the ancient gables assume a new beauty, and that the outlines of buildings which are modern and ugly are softened and glorified; but underfoot things become awful. The world is white in the upper story, but the basement, the streets through which we must walk or drive, is a slough of mire, sometimes impregnated with salt through the wisdom of the powers that be, which soaks through the stoutest shooting boot and, being a freezing mixture (pretty much the same, in fact, as that which the icemakers use), congeals the foot within. The same poisonous

slush gives cracked heels to horses and, even as it does so, pours upon the pavements a sputtering fire of missiles which are not so deadly as those of a Maxim gun, but infinitely dirtier. In fact, between the friction of countless wheels, and the tramp of innumerable feet, and the horrible salt, it must freeze very hard indeed before London in snowtime can be anything save, in the words of Mr. Mantalini, a "demmed, moist, unpleasant" place.

But in the country, save for the followers of hounds, and for the aged poor, frost and snow, particularly if they come in the right order, that is to say, snow first and frost afterwards, are an unmixed blessing. Coming, as they have this time, in the other order, they are not quite so good, for at the moment of writing it seems that the ice is likely to be spoiled, since most ponds and floods were frozen over before the snow fell—but then our climate is so gloriously uncertain that in many places there may have been no snow, and so horribly uncertain that, although at the moment of writing the fixtures for the great skating contests are being made, they may fall through after all. Still, even for skating let us hope, although the art has almost been forgotten in England for lack of opportunity, save in enclosed spaces, and on artificial ice, and in fine clothes—which can never be quite the right thing. Let us think, too, of our gardens, and while we regret the frost which preceded the snow, let us be thankful for the warm covering and protection which the snow has given to vegetation all too far advanced, or too long tarrying, and to the tender and premature and belated shoots. Above all let us not forget the birds. For this is the time when we can help them with crumbs and small grain, and even with suspended bones and fat, and ample is the repayment which they will make us if we will but watch their character and their antics. Over a sprinkling of crumbs you may learn more of the "ethos," the moral character, of robin and sparrow and blackbird than ever you knew before; and tomits harrying an old bone, hung up with a little meat on it, are the finest acrobats in the world.

Also seasonable weather suits the minor sportsman, whose name is legion, not amiss, although it is by no means the time for the best covert shooting, since the pheasants have a horrible aptitude for getting into the highest trees and for refusing to leave them. For, firstly, the wildfowl come to the seacoasts and to the estuaries in greater numbers, and there is no saying what curiosity may be brought to bag; and the wild geese come sailing in, and may be gathered in on occasion. Then the snipe, deserting the big marshes which are frozen, go singly and in couples up the running brooks, and in many such brooks, and even in ditches, one may happen upon the teal which "at heaven's gate sings." (The phrase, which is both beautiful and humorous, was borrowed by the late Sir John Millais from the poet, and it exactly expresses the swift rocket-like flight of the flushed teal, while it reminds one that the smallest of the ducks is a whistler.) Best of all, there are many parts of the country, particularly near the sea of the West Coast, where the day after a fall of snow is the day of days upon which to go to look for that *rara avis in terris*, the exciting, slow-flying, puzzling woodcock. For ourselves we never see a fall of snow in London without remembering that beneath a low holly overhanging a succulent ditch near an arm of the sea in a certain corner of the country our old friend Scolopax is surely lying, ready for the enterprising gunner, or without longing for the country, for the sleigh drives, for the amateur tobogganing, and for a thousand pleasures to which London is a stranger.



IT is necessary to say two things about the war, or perhaps three. The first of them is that an occasional correspondent of COUNTRY LIFE was among the first of the few persons who were permitted to board the Canada, as she lay off Cowes, and that he declares it to be absolutely true that Lord Roberts was at that time looking extraordinarily well, and, for a man of his years, young and vigorous. His arm, as the papers say, is not yet quite well. The real truth is that the injury was to his fingers, and that it is rapidly mending.

Next, it may be said that nothing has become Lord Roberts better on his return than the generosity of his references to Lord Kitchener. These references are, and have no doubt been intended to be, a dignified rebuke to the misguided persons who,



relying upon soldiers' tales from South Africa, which are among the most innocently untrustworthy things in the world, and animated by the dead set which has been made by a faction of the Army against Lord Kitchener, have spread the theory that between Lord Kitchener and Lord Roberts there have been serious differences on matters of policy and of strategy. On the former we believe that there are none; on the latter, in the matter of Paardeberg, there may have been some, but that is now long over, and it does seem to us that the continued attacks upon Lord Kitchener are not merely ignoble from the personal point of view, but also most shockingly unpatriotic and encouraging to the enemy.

Fortunately it matters very little, save in the way of useless expenditure of men and money, whether the enemy are encouraged or not. The same correspondent to whom reference has already been made had, on the same occasion, an opportunity of talking over prospects in South Africa with a large number of men fresh from the front and of acknowledged authority. They were all of one mind upon two points; firstly, that there is no need for national anxiety, which of course is quite a different thing from personal anxiety concerning the lives of men at the front; secondly, that the English people seems to have lost all sense of proportion in relation to this war. In this last view there is undoubtedly much truth, and the unhappy result is due partly to the rapidity with which news is transmitted, and partly to the bills of the halfpenny papers.

It is a time of tightening the bonds of Empire and expatiating on all advantages to be derived from that union of hearts that it has cost so much to attain. One aspect that has not been dwelt on is the advantage of that sense of Imperial brotherhood between Canada, Australasia, and the Mother Country to all Englishmen who think of settling in the colonies. The question "What shall we do with our sons?" is one that has vexed, and will continue to vex, the minds of many a British parent. It will continue to vex them, but when the idea of colonising is suggested, it ought not to trouble them so much as heretofore with a sense that in sending a boy to the colonies they are sending him to a foreign country. They are, in fact, sending him only to a Greater Britain, and there is no doubt that a boy landing friendless in Australia or Canada will not now find himself nearly so much "abroad" as he would have done only a short year ago, before the great events occurred in South Africa to make a new epoch in the history of the British Empire.

For reasons explained in our "Literary Notes," we have somewhat strong feelings concerning the impending apostasy of the *Daily News* from that which we, and ninety-seven men out of a hundred of full-blooded Englishmen, believe to be the cause of patriotism. Since those literary notes were written it has been stated, on what appears to be good authority, that the control of the *Daily News* is to be in the hands of Mr. R. Lehmann and Mr. Henry Massingham. We will not borrow a happy thought from the *Globe*, nor will we say that the first name does not sound English; but we cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of remembering that Mr. Lehmann, besides contributing to *Punch*, has been well known as the assiduous coach of the Cambridge eight during many years of sad misfortune; and we distinctly decline to say *absit omen*! On the contrary, we say *adsit*! If at times like these the proprietors of what was the leading Liberal organ choose to desert their country, for that is what it comes to, we can wish them no good.

The *Daily Chronicle* publishes a letter from one "Lex" concerning the Penrhyn Quarry dispute. "Lex" draws attention to the truth that in no paper which he has seen has mention been made of the fact that the so-called ballot, recently taken among the quarrymen, was taken, not on the terms offered by the chief manager, Mr. E. A. Young, but on the version of those terms circulated by the deputation of quarrymen who met Mr. Young in conference in London; he also points out that no paper has observed upon the fact that out of some 2,800 quarrymen, only 1,800 consented to vote upon ballot papers which, since they had to be signed, involved the absolute negation of a ballot. Now, we happen to have followed the course of the Penrhyn dispute with some care, partly because it is pitiful as well as absurd that 3,000 men should be out of work over a trifle, and partly because we are not without local knowledge. In fact, the house in which the writer of these few notes had the honour to be born, or which was honoured by his birth, has for many years been submerged in quarry "rubbish," and with the saving observation that the first of these facts was emphasised in the *Times*, and the second was prophesied, we agree with "Lex." Then we expound what we know of the subject.

There was a strike in the Penrhyn Quarry in 1875, a strike aimed, as the present trouble is aimed, against the very existence of honest officials. The late Lord Penrhyn yielded,

after the writer's father had spent many hours with him in argument to the contrary, and the result of his concession was that the practical management of the quarry was in the hands of an elected quarry committee. The result of that was that in ten years matters were in so desperate a state that the present Lord Penrhyn, Mr. Pennant as he was then, was called in to the rescue by his father, and was given *carte blanche*. The question then was simply one of whether the shutters should be put up, to speak metaphorically, or whether the quarry should be carried on upon business principles. The second alternative was, very naturally, chosen, and Mr. E. A. Young is the man who has carried out the work of managing the quarry on business principles and without a committee ever since, and with great success. Both the strike of 1897 and the present trouble represent organised efforts to get rid of Mr. Young and his subordinates, and to substitute a democratic and wasteful management of the quarry for one which is autocratic but by no means arbitrary.

There have been faults on both sides, no doubt. The writer has been accustomed to speak of and to Lord Penrhyn with that freedom which comes of a qualified admiration of his character. Essentially he is as honourable as any of his forebears; he is a Douglas "tender and true." He is "all right when you know him, but you have got to know him first"; he is not approachable by the ordinary man; he is inclined to be august. Of Mr. Young, on the other hand, one who has been a close observer of the dispute said to the writer the other day, "I expected to find a blustering tyrant, but I did find an ordinary man of business." That is precisely what he is, an acute, honest Englishman or Scotchman—it matters little which. But it does matter a good deal in a practical world that he has constitutionally very little sympathy, and some of his subordinates have even less, with the sensitiveness and the sentimentality of the average Welsh quarryman. It is absurd, but it is none the less true, that if you want to get the best work out of a Bethesda quarryman you must humour him, not drive him. Humoured, he will do a great deal, and do it well; driven, as they say in Wales, "he turns stupid," and that simply means that he becomes obstinate.

As for the faults on the men's side, they are legion. They began by riots against individuals, whom they assaulted at the odds of about three hundred to three. They injured one man very seriously indeed; others they kicked about and cut with sharp-edged slates. They were then suspended *en masse* for a fortnight, and the Chief Constable brought in the military in some force. Then they asserted that their subsequent orderly behaviour proved the importation of the military to have been needless, whereas what it really proved was that the importation had been effectual for good. Next some were prosecuted, and those were convicted; and the leniency of the sentences inflicted on them was a disgrace to the local bench. Indeed we remember no example more illustrative of the theory underlying our recent plea for the abolition of the ordinary magistracy and the appointment of stipendiaries. Now there is no reason in life why, bygones being bygones, the quarrymen should not have returned to work.

Upon that the *Daily Chronicle*, which ought to know more than any paper in London about labour, and does if it would but say so, speaks thus:

"We publish a letter signed 'Lex' to-day on the subject of the Penrhyn dispute, which gives strength to the suspicion we have long entertained that from first to last we have not been in full possession of the causes that led to the strike and prevented a settlement. The writer makes the very serious accusation that the men's leaders did not properly interpret Mr. Young's terms to the men, and further alleges abstention from voting on the part of more than a third of the men interested. The whole matter from the first has presented a somewhat peculiar appearance, on account of the seemingly groundless bitterness and obstinacy of both parties. No really adequate reason has ever been brought forward either for the dispute itself or for the lengths to which it has been carried. We do not certainly approve of Mr. Young's method of conducting the negotiations; but at the same time we cannot rid ourselves of the impression that the truth of the whole matter has not yet been laid bare."

Now this is finely oracular. Let us explain the oracle. There are certain leaders of quarrymen in Bethesda who are keeping up this dispute for their own purposes, although what those purposes can be, unless they simply like prominence, it is not easy to see. The stoppage does not hurt Lord Penrhyn in the least, for the slate trade is low and the slate rock will remain. It is one of those things which neither moth nor rust corrupts, and thieves cannot break through and steal it in bulk. Also all the talk of extreme newspapers as to nationalisation of mines and quarries is, as every sensible man knows, the merest vapour of smoke. In the meanwhile the men are just labourers, or unemployed, in the depth of a severe winter. The whole thing has become deplorably and even pitifully silly.

For the so-called leaders, however, there is one semblance of an excuse so far as their conduct has gone, and another for their policy. They issued the ballot papers with a request for

signature and address; protest was made, and they consented that they should be counted by independent persons. But it was the form of the ballot paper, not the guarantee of independent counting, that was before the men, and they voted, or rather did not vote, accordingly. For their aggressive policy, insensate though it be, they have so much of excuse as may be deserved by enlightened self-interest. "Sweet reasonableness" in the Trade Union leader may be profitable to those whom he serves; but they seldom see the truth, and it is ruin to him. Mr. Richard Bell, M.P., of the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants, for example, behaved in a very reasonable way during the Taff Vale Railway strike. The result of that, as we understand on the very best authority, is that Mr. Richard Bell is more than likely to lose his situation as secretary of the society. In like manner Mr. Champion was reasonable during the great Dock Strike, and afterwards he vanished into thin air. Mr. John Burns, too, became amenable to reason on occasion after that strike, and his influence, outside Battersea, faded away.

"Desultory discussion" is all, it seems, that Mr. Lacey will admit to have taken place at the recent meeting of the M.C.C. touching the great throwing question, but there will be a great deal more than that before the question is done with. Meanwhile, we have a new rule, or rather an old rule in a new form: "In future the captains (or in event of absence whoever is the acting-captain) will decide the points as to the ground being fit or not for play and the light good enough. If they agree, the match will continue or be discontinued as the case may be, and only in event of the two leaders holding contrary opinions will the umpires be called upon to decide. If they, too, have a divergence of opinion, then the existing state of affairs will continue as provided by Law 43." This, which is a reversion to the old practice, is certainly a move in the right direction.

*Apropos* of the appointment of the Rev. H. B. Southwell, who once rowed "four" in an Oxford eight, to a canonry at Newcastle, a contemporary remarks, "distinction as an oarsman is a sure stepping-stone to high preferment in the Church." On such a question COUNTRY LIFE may not be an entirely unprejudiced judge, since the *mens sana in corpore sano* is an article of faith with it. But it may at least be permitted to point out that there are many old Blues who, being clergymen, are neither canons nor minor canons, and that Mr. Southwell, although he was an oarsman, was also an honour-man. This kind of comment is really ungenerous. One might as well say the same thing, implying favouritism, of the judicial Bench simply because Lord Alverstone and the Master of the Rolls ran, and rowed, for Oxford and Cambridge respectively. The true reading is that our great pastimes are wholesome for mind and body.

The floods have been severe on the Scottish rivers south of the Grampians, and it is only too likely that a deal of spawn will have been washed out, and possible enough that no little will have been deposited on banks that the receding waters naturally leave high and dry. On the whole, so far as reports can help towards the general judgment, it would seem that a good many spawning fish have come up. The Tay ought to profit next year by the new order which removes the nets a week earlier. This week earlier removal, though opposed in some quarters, ought to make a great difference to the stock, for immense numbers of fish used to be caught between August 21st and August 26th on their way up to spawn. Judging by the evidence before the Royal Commission, we ought soon to have some legislation reducing the netting on most of the rivers, and especially the up-river netting, which has met with the nearly universal condemnation that it deserved.

It is a severe shock when our fondest illusions are dispelled. Amongst such illusions has been, hitherto, the belief that the *Cornhill* was a magazine that had ever been conducted on principles of strict business respectability. It is Mr. George Smith himself, the publisher of the *Cornhill* for so many years, who, writing in the magazine, now reveals secrets that deal all faith in publishers' and authors' morality a cruel blow. He relates that Anthony Trollope came to him to arrange terms for a serial. The publisher offered two thousand, the author demanded three. The demand was resisted, and was then met by the most outrageously immoral suggestion of "tossing," actually tossing, whether the odd thousand in dispute should be paid. The publisher declined, and finally the author yielded—when is it not so in the dealings of these natural enemies?—then, when all was arranged, the publisher made this further offer, "Now come over to the club, and there I'll toss you for the thousand." This time it was the author that declined. It is a charming story, and no doubt it is true. Two thousand, without the extra one to be gambled for, strikes us of to-day as fully enough for a Trollope, a writer who takes us pleasantly into pleasant company, but does not make the temperature rise, the hair stand on end, or the flesh creep. The Fat Boy would have offered even less than the paltry two thousand which the author accepted with reluctance.

Some of the packs had a curiously watery experience in the last days of the old year and the first of the new. In the Pytchley and Quorn countries the floods were out so far and so deep, that on the way to the meet many riders had to go through water girth-deep, which turned not a few back. Those who persisted seem in every case to have had the reward of a good run. The Quorn actually waited some time at the meet before throwing off, in order to let the floods in a measure subside. Thereafter they had a run, but the "going" must have been cruelly heavy all the country over. So far it has been a record hunting season, in that not a day in most parts of the country, has been lost by frost.

We have two notices of the occurrence of the landrail in Devonshire during December, and these are supplemented by a notice in the *Field* of January 5th, of one seen in Derbyshire on December 26th. The last is of greater interest as being a more northerly latitude than any in which the bird is at all likely to be seen in winter. It is certain, however, that many must pass the year—even in much colder seasons than it has so far been—in the milder parts of our island. A few are seen each winter, and, considering how few of these birds we do see when every field of mowing grass is vocal with their unmusical call, the inference is that for one seen in winter, when their voice is silent, there must be very many near at hand. At the same time it is to be remembered that they have not in winter-time the long grass to cover them as in the spring and summer.

*Dissolve frigus ligna super foco large reponens.* Surely the time has come for setting the famous ode to music and for acting upon the Horatian maxim in the spirit and in the letter. Let us melt away the cold and heap the hearth with logs, or coals, as the case may be, by all means. But with coals at their present price, comfort of that kind is distinctly expensive. Since, however, the coal owners and coal merchants have clearly conspired to take advantage of the public during the present winter, the experience of one of our staff in "getting even with them" may be quoted legitimately. Finding the high prices charged by the best merchants unbearable, he tried one of the cheaper advertising firms. The result of the first trial at 25s. per ton was excellent; that of the second trial was quite the reverse. So he rang the changes and tried another cheap merchant; the result was again excellent. The moral is clear. These gentlemen are acting on the well-known principle that it is prudent to throw out a sprat to catch a whale. The obvious thing to do is to take the sprat from many anglers, and to decline the honour of being the whale.

We are by no means at the end of the trouble about the "two-penny tube," the "low-down drain" of Li in "San Toy," otherwise known as the Central London Railway. It is very nice, no doubt, when you are in it, but the question of vibration has become quite serious, and there are handsome houses along the line of route where the man who wants to sleep has to take the fire-irons out of the fender and to put them separately on the carpet, and to take the pitcher out of the basin, lest he be roused late at night or in the early morning by a noise similar to that of a miniature earthquake. The question whether the owners of property which has thus lost value are entitled to compensation or not is by no means settled, and the views of the public on the matter are determined mainly by their interests. Full compensation would doubtless ruin the tube; but the tube is very convenient. Meanwhile there is at least one good result to come from the tube. The controllers of the Underground are going to give us electric traction, not out of consideration for us, but simply out of compulsion.

As soon as the English team to meet Wales at Cardiff in the Rugby Union game was chosen, we observed that if it did not use the ample time which remained to have a combined practice or two it would certainly be beaten by the Welshmen, most of whom were in last year's champion team, each one of whom knows the play of every other to a nicety. The result has justified the prophecy, and we say now, as we have said before, that the same result will follow again unless measures are taken to avert it. In the football of to-day, be it Rugby Union or Association, science and combination are everything; and individual dash and pluck go for very little. Many a county or even a club team would have a better chance against the Welshmen than a team drawn from a dozen different sources. The individuals in a county team might not be, man for man, nearly so good, but they would score more points as a team, and that is what counts.

A bold proposal for ending (*sic*) the war is made by Mr. Auberon Herbert in writing to the *Times*. Mr. Herbert always writes well, if he does not always write convincingly. Amongst much pleading, with which, in the spirit, one and all must agree, for the conduct of the war, or what



remains of it, with the greatest possible clemency, he ventures on a suggestion which, whether or no it be overbold, can scarcely strike us as practical. His suggestion, in fine, is to give the Transvaal and the Orange Free State, the colonies that used to bear these names, self-government, by way of experiment, to be withdrawn if the experiment leads to acts of hostility. The question that crops up at the very outset, though it does not seem to have "jumped to the eyes" of Mr. Herbert, is to whom are we to give this power of government? What "self" is left in these colonies

to exercise authority? Whom should we approach with the offer? These are obvious questions that seek in vain for an answer. The only authority in the countries is that which we have set up, and such authority as exists in the leaders of the Boers still in the field they appear to have misused in the grossest manner, by keeping their people in blank ignorance of the true course of the war. The only consoling reflection with regard to the fresh irruption of Boer raiders into Cape Colony is that they may have picked up there the news of the war which has systematically been withheld from them.

## NIGHTS IN NO MAN'S LAND.

**B**ETWEEN high-water mark and the lowest fringe of the ebb tide is the only land in England which belongs to nobody, and where everybody may walk and shoot, if walking is possible, with none to say them nay. Once every twelve hours No Man's Land is under water. If that happens in the daytime it is of little use to anyone, except to the wily and instructed native who knows where the curlew will fly inland when the muds are covered, and who an hour before hies him to a "duck hole," where he lies up for the broad brown wings to flap over him, and brings down a bird or two. If a stranger has a punt down by the flats, he will go on A VOYAGE OF DISCOVERY at high water, just to mark in his memory the mounds and ridges and little islands of mud first uncovered by the tide. This scouting will come in useful another day, because these first uncovered islets, the Mount Ararats of the ebb tide on that particular bit of coast, are also the last to be covered. To them the fowl will draw and gradually bunch together on another day when the tide is rising; and there, some lucky winter morning, he may make a bag worth talking of. But in ordinary weather, and especially in mild, still winters like the present, there is not a duck in a mile of shore by day. The birds—mallard, widgeon, and teal—are lying either far out at sea, or in the decoy pond, where they rest and are safe by day. Off the West Coast of Denmark, where the most successful modern decoy is now being worked, no one is permitted to fire a gun at sea within two miles of the island where the pond is. Great flights of teal may there be seen wheeling over the North Sea round the island, like starlings before bedtime. But here they know better. Not till twilight has darkened into dusk, and dusk almost into darkness, do they rise from the safe waters inland and fly out to enjoy their nights in No Man's Land. One of the certainties, about the only one, in waiting for the flight,

is that the gun always takes up his place too early, and that the ducks are generally too late or too high to be killed. The latest birds to start for the flight are the widgeon, the earliest the teal. Sometimes widgeon will not leave till midnight, especially if there be a moon. The last time on which the writer stayed out on the coast for the flight, the widgeon did not appear at all, though the whole marsh was invisibly covered with fowl. The dying blasts of a westerly gale were puffing out of a red cave of cloud where the sun had sunk along the line of shore, and the pale streamers of the aurora were flickering in THE EVER-DARKENING SKY. It was all chance where the birds came, but their likeliest flight was up a wide creek, where the tide was falling and lopping against the mud banks, and the wind playing a high shrill tune in the steel bars of a beacon across the water. As the last faint glow was dying in the West the marsh, before as silent as the grave, suddenly became alive with sound. All the little stints and waders from the sea flats beyond had taken wing, and were flitting, piping, and whistling around. They were as invisible as ghosts, but

the redshanks which followed them drew a shot or two. In two more minutes an immense flock of green plover had descended, also invisibly, from the sky, and were flicking past, scattered and low, hither and thither everywhere. Just then the wind blew up the glowing embers in the West, and the plover drew fire as fast as the gun could be loaded. They seemed absolutely indifferent to the shots, though bird after bird fell. The writer had five down in two minutes, besides missing three or four; yet they still flicked and screamed, alighting all around. Then came a rushing sound of wings, borne far over the marsh from the now darkened flats, and the great body of the duck from the inland lake came over. The moon was up, and they could be seen dimly, a wide and vanishing



Clarke and Son.

A VOYAGE OF DISCOVERY.

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Clarke and Son,

A FEW YARDS NEARER.

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phalanx, crossing the ring of watery light, while hundreds of others invisible on the flanks of the army could be heard. They were all far too high, and with the wind behind them too. Then came a pair of stragglers. Swish! swish! swish! Our eyes strained into the blackness. Flash! Bang! bang! Thump! One down; did you not see them? No. Look there again. Two more almost over our heads, seen for the tenth of a second, and not fired at. Then the teal followed, like bullets in the dark, all invisible. Then we set our faces homeward, with one duck, eight plover, and a redshank. The actual time between the first and last shots was eleven minutes, and the time taken to walk home across the marsh one hour. "I don't mind walking, you can ride," says the cheerful gunner, pointing to his little boat on the mud, illuminated by the "struggling moonbeams' misty light." "Not if I know it!"

"Riding" home in the boat, with the tide going five knots, the creek as black as ink, with ten feet of water, and the piers of slimy sheep bridges blocking it from mile to mile, has nearly cost more than one life.

The passion for these nights in No Man's Land is as strong with some men as with the ducks who "make a night of it" on the mud because they dare not feed by day. I have been out on the flats, where I have known men sit out almost every moonlight night for twenty winters, on ground which, even by day, is too dreary to spend an hour on. Their particular pet place was a kind of tidal valley, about a mile wide, between a range of sandhills, inside which was a marsh, and an immense sandbank. When the water ran out of it, this valley was composed of mud covered with flattish or rounded stones. The sandhills shut out the sight of the land, the sandbank that of the outer sea. There was absolutely nothing in the landscape, nothing to look at or think of; not a man, not a ship, not a beacon, not a buoy, not a boat, nothing except sea, beyond the sandbank till you came to the North Pole. Very few birds came there by day; but by night many duck arrived at all hours to feed, though, being scattered over this estuary valley, it was a chance if any came near. There these men would sit *happy* all night long in duck holes in the mud or laying holes in the sandbank. They said it was irresistible, they could not help it; that it was like belonging to another world, that it was the only time life was worth living.

C. J. CORNISH.

## AGRICULTURAL NOTES.

JANUARY is an easy month on the farm, but it brings some cares with it, too. Little ploughing should be left to do, but there are plenty of odd jobs generally left over in anticipation of its otherwise vacant hours—manure to be carted to the fields, drains attended to, pastures top-dressed, and so forth. For much of it a spell of hard weather would be welcome. Rain has fallen in such abundance, that the moist land is soaked, and to run wheels on it in that condition is most detrimental. A sharp frost, just enough to harden the soil, would make the work very much easier. Of course, on southern farms where an effort is made to catch the market for early lambs, sheep are an anxiety, and before the end of the month flock-masters will be in the heart of the lambing season. Other stock, too, requires attention, particularly when, as is threatened when these lines are being penned, we get the worst of the winter in January. It is a great mistake to allow even hardy breeds of cows to suffer exposure. The force required to withstand the cold is deducted from that which should have gone to the production of milk, as will readily be discovered by keeping careful records. The provision of shelter is a wise economy, and should not be neglected.

Among the events of 1901, a very interesting one will be the taking of the census, for it will show unquestionably the real nature and extent of village depopulation, although official figures can never do this quite satisfactorily. In every village it were well if a single individual could be found willing to take some trouble in order that the facts might be thoroughly understood. A few points that might be thus cleared up are as follows: School registers should be examined, to see why fluctuations in average attendance have occurred, say since 1871, because one most important complaint is that fathers and mothers of large families have been the most ready to migrate, and leave behind the old, infirm, and sickly. Really one would think the Board of Education would keep itself posted up in the changes of school population, but it has not done so. Next, the marriage rate of the two periods should be compared, as any decrease would point at once to a loss of the young and vigorous. Then it would be very advisable to number the inhabited houses, so that we might know accurately what truth there is in the complaint that the peasant has nowhere to live.



Clarke and Son.

## THE EVER-DARKENING SKY.

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To ascertain these facts beforehand would greatly illuminate the bare census figures, and assist those engaged in formulating active measures to arrest the exodus. In a parish with which the writer is very familiar there were in 1871 three schools in two adjacent villages. One was kept by a woman, and had an average attendance of about forty-five; a second belonged to the Dissenting Church, and had about ninety-five scholars; the other was the Church school, and had about 150. Both the first and the last mentioned have now ceased to exist as schools, and yet the average attendance at the survivor does not amount to more than seventy. Both church and chapel used to be fairly well filled on Sundays; now they show a beggarly array of empty benches. A writer in the *Field*, who claims to have made an inspection of sixty parishes in the Midlands, describes a similar revolution as having taken place in each of them. He is altogether wrong in imagining, however, that the movement is only a recent one; it dates from as far back as 1775, and has synchronised with the decay of the yeoman and the enclosure of commons. Under the circumstances, then, anyone with leisure would be doing a public service by ascertaining the facts in connection with the single parish where he or she lives, and whenever they possess a public interest, we would most gladly afford space for a brief but adequate summary of them in this column—it would be worth more than streets of argument.

Among the events chronicled at the opening of the year is to be noted a fall of one-fourth per cent. in the value of tithe, calculated for the year on a septennial average. It is not a very large drop, but this makes the twenty-third consecutive year in which a decrease has taken place, the fall being from £112 7s. 5d. in 1877 to £66 15s. 9d. in 1900. The tithe-owner may, however, extract a very legitimate comfort from the slowness of the decline, which may very probably be next year changed into a corresponding increase. The seven years for which an average is taken include those disastrous seasons 1894 and 1895, when wheat was respectively at 22s. 10d. and 23s. 6d. per quarter. Even a very pronounced pessimist would scarcely argue that it can ever go much lower than that, and when these bad years fall out of the calculation, there must be something of a recovery. But that it will be considerable does not look at present very likely, the prospect being that wheat will settle down, at least for a few years to come, at something between 25s. and 30s. a quarter; so that we are afraid the parson must submit to a huge slice being cut out of his living for some time to come. For the lay tithe-owner not so much sympathy will be felt.

We notice that a very strict censor of poultry accounts has taken exception to the balance-sheet published by Mr. Rider Haggard, because certain items are not included, such as plucking, carriage to market, material for building houses. This sort of thing appears to us hypercritical. On an estate, a farm, or even a small holding, there is often a good deal of labour, and a good deal of such material as wood, not fully employed. Suppose, for instance, a kitchen-maid who had not quite enough to do was sent to pluck the fowls, she would receive no extra payment for it, nor would her mistress raise her wages on that account, so that her work ought not to figure in the balance-sheet at all. Similarly, a cart sent to market is very seldom fully loaded, and a few fowls thrown in, dead or living, make no addition whatever to the expense of carriage. It is therefore ridiculous to insist on an entry being made in the balance-sheet. Similarly, much may be done on a small holding by hands that would otherwise be idle, and the result is clear gain. No hind need be set down to labour.

## OUR PORTRAIT . . . . ILLUSTRATION.

LADY SUSAN DE LA POER BERESFORD, whose portrait adorns our frontispiece, is the sister of the present Marquess of Waterford, and the niece of those well-known persons, Lord Charles Beresford, sailor and sportsman; and Lord Marcus Beresford, a most thorough sportsman. Her younger sister is Lady Clodagh De la Poer Beresford.



# GAME PRESERVATION IN THE 19th CENTURY.—I.

IT is the fashion in some quarters to talk of the iniquity of the Feudal laws, but whatever hardships these laws may have inflicted on those who infringed them they were rough times for everybody, and one of the first to perish under them was King William Rufus, the second King of that Norman line which comes in for all the ology of a system which is not very well understood now, even by the most erudite. One thing we do know is that at the beginning of this century the laws were not good enough to enable an owner of a manor to preserve his game, and in practice a stranger might shoot from Lands End to Berwick without very much to stop him. It does not appear that any action could be taken against him until he had been caught red handed and warned off. After this he was obliged, in practice, to cease shooting, or to betake himself on to the next estate and the next preserve. The old Forest laws only gave special rights to the King, and those of chase and of free warren gave rights to landowners only in exceptional cases, so that it was not until the Game Act of 1831 that an owner of land with no Royal game grants attached to it, became entitled to keep off other people from poaching in the way it is now done. It provides that "after the commencement of this Act, game will become an article which may legally be bought and sold, and it is therefore just and reasonable to provide some more summary means than now by law exist for protecting the same from trespassers; be it therefore enacted, that if any person whatsoever shall commit any trespass by entering, or being in the day time upon any land in search or pursuit of game, or woodcocks, snipes, quails, landrails, or conies, such person shall, on conviction thereof, before a Justice of the Peace, forfeit and pay the sum of money, not exceeding £2, as to the Justice shall seem meet, together with the costs of conviction." Moreover if five or more persons entered land together for this purpose they were, under another section of the Act, liable to the increased fine of £5 each. It will be seen, therefore, that some of the poaching feats of the celebrated Colonel Hawker, who was much more of a shooter than a game preserver, could not have come off after the passing of this Act. One of these poaching affairs is very amusingly described in his diary, which will serve to show how very little the Feudal laws affected the preservation of game: "Having without the slightest provocation (except being a friend of Mr. Fellows—his brother) been uncivilly encroached on by the keeper of Lord Portsmouth, and having heard that his gang of myrmidons, who had previously been sent to annoy Mr. Fellows through a whole day's sport, were watching to warn me off Lord Portsmouth's land, and to follow me wherever they dared, I got some men with guns and pistols to draw their attention to different parts while we attacked their grand preserve; everything was arranged agreeably to a military plan, which I regularly drew and coloured beforehand, and which answered so well that we got two hours glut at their pheasants before the gang came up to warn us off; to my own share I bagged twenty-eight pheasants (including two white ones, three partridges, and one hare. Notwithstanding we had rain for the first hour I killed in two hours twenty-four pheasants in twenty-four shots, bagging every bird. I was determined not to fire out of distance, but among my shots were several very difficult ones and four double ones." Nothing could more clearly explain the difficulty of game preservation in 1815 than the above short paragraph. But it was what all preservers had to put up with, and thoroughly explains why, although the shooting on the Continent at that period would bear comparison with anything done since, the English would not. Preservation did not, in fact, really begin until the Act of 1831 gave the required power to landowners or occupiers; then it took a further term to discover the effect of the Act, as it always does in a country where few, if any, of the population, except the lawyers, make a practice of reading a new Act of Parliament. Possibly this accounts for the fact that it took from 1831 to 1872 before it was really known what the possibilities of grouse preservation were; from the former period to 1887 before it was made clear what an estate in a supposed bad county (Hampshire) could do in the way of partridge preservation—4,109 birds in four days—and from 1831 to 1883 before the late Lord Sefton showed that 2,373 pheasants could be killed by six guns in his coverts in a single day.

One often sees in the papers, and even in books on shooting, explanations of the supposed greater skill of the modern game preserver and shot; but it appears that the greatest influence in game preservation was the Act of 1831, which relegated to their own estates such splendid shots and infernal poachers as Colonel Peter Hawker. I do not call this renowned sportsman a splendid shot because he killed twenty-four pheasants in covert flushed to his dog, and with no long shots, because, as a sportsman, he would not select to shoot those spots of the covert where there were trees. If he had, probably he would have got no shots as early as this, October 2nd, when the leaves were still on the trees, even if he had got near the remaining pheasants, which is unlikely. It must have been thick, low covert, or he could not have got near to twenty-four pheasants in two hours. But if this is no proof of ability (although in a contemporary the killing of "nearly" every shot in a day's covert shooting has lately been held to entitle a man to be considered the best shot in England), some of Colonel Hawker's feats could not have been done by a moderate shot. Neither fourteen snipes running, nor twenty-nine partridges out of fifteen double rises, could have been accomplished except by a brilliant shot; and it is necessary to have the opinion of such an one if we have to find out what the state of game preservation really was in those times, and how it began to, and can be made to, continue to improve.

In 1813 Colonel Hawker had a day upon the Yorkshire moors; he went with a party to the town of Holmfirth, about four miles from the moors, and this is how he describes his day: "We were all up at three o'clock and off by daylight; but the birds were so extremely wild that it was almost impossible to get near them, and our going quietly to work was out of the question, as the moors were swarming with disciples of General Ludd, who always allow themselves a holiday on August 12th purposely to see the sporting on the moors. It was chiefly by firing snapshots that I got any game, and I soon saw enough to convince me that grouse shooting in Yorkshire is now very poor; add to this I had the disadvantage of being accommodated with two wild, unsteady dogs only nine months old, and they never had seen a bird killed to them; while Lord Pollington with dogs which he offers to challenge all England, and with two guns, was working the finest part of the moor, which he had signified his positive intention of keeping quiet till after dinner, when we were able to join him. Notwithstanding all this advantage he took in order to excel, and then I suppose to crow, over his party, he only beat me by one bird. The bag was—Lord

Pollington, five and a-half brace; Colonel Hawker, five brace; Mr. Hawkins, two brace; Mr. Chadwick, one and a-half brace. Colonel Hawker sums up the miles he had travelled, mostly at the very slow pace of about six miles an hour, in order to accomplish this day's sport. It was 543 miles.

But there is even better proof of the poverty of the Yorkshire moors at the beginning of the century, for Sir Thomas Frankland, a noted shot of his time, let the now famous Bluberhouse moor to Lord Harewood for ten brace of grouse per year; and this is the 2,000 acre moor on which Lord Walsingham killed 1,070 grouse to his own gun in one day. The difficulty which appears to us in these days, is not to see how it happened that game was very scarce then, but to understand how there could have been any game without the protection of the law of 1831. And yet, in some favoured counties and on some favourite estates there undoubtedly was game, and what is more, hares, the most easy of all game to poach, and the most difficult to preserve. In a Suffolk paper dated 1811, is the following: "At the Gamekeepers of this County's Annual Meeting, held on December 9th, for the purpose of awarding a large silver flask to the keeper who should produce the certificate for the greatest quantity of hares, pheasants, and partridges shot at as well as killed during any six days from October 8th to December 8th, Richard Sharnton delivered vouchers for the following list and obtained the prize. The list for three guns on 5,000 acres in the six days was:

	Killed.	Missed.
Cock pheasants . . . . .	378 . . . . .	199 . . . . .
Hen . . . . .	51 . . . . .	39 . . . . .
Partridges . . . . .	506 . . . . .	301 . . . . .
Hares . . . . .	177 . . . . .	94 . . . . .

But in spite of this good work there must have been great quantities of vermin, for at the same time a list of detrimental killed was produced, and it almost compares to that recorded of Mr. Edward Ellice's shooting in Glengarry twenty-six years later.

Here are the two lists placed side by side, but it must be remembered that Sharnton's is for one year and that of Glengarry for three. Unfortunately the number of crows killed is not named in the Suffolk list.

Three Years' Vermin at Glengarry, 1837 to 1840, in the Highlands.	Sharnton's List for One Year in Suffolk.
Foxes . . . . .	11 . . . . . 22
Wild cats . . . . .	198 . . . . . none
House cats going wild . . . . .	78 . . . . . 7
Martens . . . . .	246 . . . . . 9
Polecats . . . . .	106 . . . . . 31
Stoats . . . . .	301 . . . . . 416
Badgers . . . . .	67 . . . . . not named
Otters . . . . .	48 . . . . .
Golden eagles . . . . .	15 . . . . .
White-tailed eagles . . . . .	27 . . . . .
Ospreys . . . . .	18 . . . . .
Hawks (blue) . . . . .	98 . . . . .
Peregrines . . . . .	7 . . . . .
Hobbies . . . . .	11 . . . . .
Kites . . . . .	275 . . . . .
Marsh harriers . . . . .	5 . . . . .
Goshawks . . . . .	63 . . . . .
Buzzards . . . . .	659 . . . . . 167 of all kinds
Kestrels . . . . .	462 . . . . .
Merlins . . . . .	78 . . . . .
Hen harriers . . . . .	63 . . . . .
Hen falcons . . . . .	6 . . . . .
Montague harriers . . . . .	9 . . . . .
Hooded crows . . . . .	1,431 . . . . .
Ravens . . . . .	473 . . . . .
Magpies . . . . .	8 . . . . . 120
Rats . . . . .	not named . . . . . 310

In spite of the great extent of Glengarry, it will probably be thought from this comparison that Suffolk was more advanced in the keeping down of vermin in 1811 than the Highlands were twenty-six years later.

ARGUS OLIVE.

## LITERARY NOTES.

IT ought, I think, to be fairly safe to prophecy on purely *a priori* grounds that there will soon be established a new Liberal daily newspaper in London, and that it will be framed on broad and ambitious lines. The facts that compel this prophecy are the following: Firstly, from the midst of conflicting rumours it becomes perfectly clear that Mr. E. T.

Cook, the editor of the *Daily News*, cannot possibly continue to sit in the editorial chair at Bouverie Street, once occupied by Dickens, much longer; secondly, it is manifest that the reason is to be found in a change of proprietorship which will give to the Little-Englanders, or worse, a dominating voice in the policy of the paper. It seems to me to follow as of necessity that there must be a movement to establish a really high-class Liberal paper on National lines, and that it would do remarkably well. Of such a paper the obvious editor would be Mr. E. T. Cook.

Friendship and close association with Mr. Cook, which have extended now over more than a generation, as generations are counted in this country, must be my excuse for writing somewhat warmly in this matter, and personal disagreement with him upon many points in politics will hardly serve to cool my mood. By fortune, certainly, he has been abominably used. Whether he has been well used by men the reader may judge from a cold record of facts. In the middle of a brilliant career at Oxford, where he was President of the Union and foremost among the founders of the Palmerston Club, and at the opening dinner of that club, he attracted the notice of Mr. John Morley, who was the guest of the evening, by a statesmanlike speech. Mr. Morley, who was then editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, asked him if he came to London to begin writing for that paper. The invitation was accepted, and Mr. Cook, first as occasional contributor, then as assistant editor, and finally as editor on the retirement of the terrible Mr. Stead, identified himself finally and successfully with that paper. Suddenly, in the middle of a summer holiday, he was recalled from Italy to hear that the paper had been sold lock, stock, and barrel, to a millionaire of conservative tendencies. Then Mr. George Newnes, as he was then, saw his opportunity of securing a man of the first order of ability, and the *Westminster Gazette* was

founded by Mr. Newnes and Mr. Cook, and it caught the fancy of the cultivated public from the beginning. It was one of the proudest moments of my life when my old friend and kinsman invited me, a Tory journalist, to advise him as to "features" (as we call them in the trade) for his new journal, and took my advice in relation to certain features which are still prominent.

A few years later the proprietors of the *Daily News* were in need of an editor, and they invited Mr. Cook to join them. He accepted the invitation, and cut himself adrift from the *Westminster*, and now, simply because he is a determined patriot, he is practically adrift at the age of forty-three, the single example, I should think, in journalism of a man who has twice been called upon to sacrifice the main part of his livelihood for the sake of his principles. On the first occasion the sympathies of the average Tory might well be lukewarm, for the question was one of Toryism or Liberalism as an entirety; now those sympathies will surely be warm, for the question is one of a little or a great England, and he is for greatness. And now what manner of man is this who, by reason of his natural modesty, is probably far more anxious about his future than any of his friends are, although their sympathy with him in his present anxieties is boundless? Under, rather than over, the middle height, he has a commanding face, which speaks of high principle and profound intelligence. In manner somewhat reserved, he is warmly esteemed by those who know him for the width of his knowledge, for the purity of his taste, and the readiness and reality of his sympathy. He is industrious far beyond the average measure of man, a trained journalist, very able, possessed of strong literary and artistic tastes, one of the best read men in England, and the prevailing motives of his life have been love of justice and hatred of iniquity.

A moment ago mention was made incidentally of the fact that Dickens was once editor of the *Daily News*. It is now suggested that the title "Dickens Avenue" should be adopted in connection with the improved connection between Holborn and the Strand, and the objection is raised that, since the time of Shakespeare, and no doubt before, "What the dickens" has been a phrase indicating a perverted oath. "I cannot tell what the dickens his name is," quoth Mrs. Page in "The Merry Wives of Windsor," and old Dr. Brewer says that "Dickens" is a perversion of "Nick." The great novelist used, it is said, to be much annoyed from time to time when this expression was used in his hearing; but, after all, his misfortune in the matter of nomenclature was less than that of many other men. I remember that when the roll was called at a certain great public school, Darling, Sweet, and Savory were followed by a bathetic Jones; Tombs and Graves are not uncommon names; in De'ath the ribald will persist in disregarding the apostrophe; everybody jests when McPhail "masks a scoore" at Bisley. In fact, the real objection to the title is that it has no dignity save that of association, and that the work of Dickens is not by any means certain to be immortal. This I say not in deprecation, but because the time will clearly come when the dialect of which Dickens was the miraculous exponent will be clean forgotten. Nobody talks like Mr. Weller now.

A good many people have failed to appreciate Mr. Maurice Hewlett's "Richard Yea-and-Nay," and it is therefore with some pleasure that I note that Mr. Frederic Harrison, in answer to an enquiry sent by the *Academy*, answered by post-card: "The only first-class book of 1900 has been Mr. Maurice Hewlett's 'Richard Yea-and-Nay.'" It is enough for me that he thinks it a first-class book, and that he is as good as a judge of literature as he is weak in relation to the facts of everyday life. Personally I think there were several other first-class books, but perhaps Mr. Harrison may have omitted to read them. At any rate his detailed criticism in the *Fortnightly* is welcome. "It remained to be shown if our artist could construct an elaborate, full, coherent romance; true to historic realism; ample in incident and plot; correct in pictorial tone; a truly romantic epic, wrought out from end to end by living men and women, playing their parts in due relation and sequence. This Maurice Hewlett has done in his new piece 'The Life and Death of Richard Yea-and-Nay.'" "Is a mild joke permissible? Of the pretty volumes ('Sesame and Lilies,' 'Sonnets from the Portuguese,' 'The Rubaiyat') issued by Mr. Mosher of Portland, Maine, the *Academy* says that they 'are to books what delicate biscuits are to grosser food.'" "Exactly so," to borrow a phrase from Mr. Bunthorne, to whom I listened with mighty enjoyment last night. Mr. Mosher not only give the biscuit, but takes it; also the cake.

Enter the *Thrush*, warbling, at fourpence per copy, its mission being as ensibly to bring the masses into touch with new and original poetry. But the editor puts it in a somewhat more high-falutin' way, "We desire to foster in the masses an appreciation of poetic expression; to nurture beauty in their souls; to elevate their ideas; to exalt them to high-mindedness; and to attune their critical faculty and their mental ear to the reception of all the loveliness that is expressible in exquisite song." How is that for high? The masses, I expect, will continue to prefer the *Police News* and the halfpenny evening papers, and will support "the *Coster*, written by costers for costers," which reminds one of Thackeray's *Pall Mall Gazette*, written "by gentlemen for gentlemen," a designation afterwards adopted by the *St. James's Gazette*. For the *Thrush*, save for the fact that poets rarely appreciate one another, a future might be anticipated on mutual admiration lines.

Books to order from the library:

- "Deirdre Wed and other Poems." Herbert Trench. (Methuen.)
- "Bunyan's Country." Albert J. Foster. (Virtue.)
- "Pharaoh's Daughter." William Waldorf Astor. (Macmillan.)
- "In the Ranks of the C.I.V." Erskine Childers. (Smith, Elder.)
- "The *Times*' History of the War." Vol. I. (Sampson Low)
- "Harvest Tide." Sir Lewis Morris. (Kegan Paul.) LOOKER-ON.

## LANDED ESTATES . . . . . IN 1900.

HOW have landed estates and agricultural properties fared in the market during the past year? This is a question which every landowner must ask with some anxiety, and it is to be feared that the answer cannot be wholly satisfactory. Whether it be owing to the war, the increased price of money, or other extrinsic causes, it is difficult to say; but there is no doubt that the sales, both public and private, have been less numerous and less important than in the two or three preceding years. As a set off, it may be stated that the supply has been shorter, and that many vendors have been deterred from placing their properties in the market in what they deemed an unfavourable season. Where sales have been effected, the prices have not shown an upward tendency, except, perhaps, in one or two select districts where agricultural conditions are the least unfavourable. In Cheshire, where the dairy farmers have had a fairly prosperous year, the demand has exceeded the supply, and no difficulty has been found in selling, or letting on satisfactory terms, farms of moderate dimensions. In East Anglia, on the other hand, cases have occurred indicating a relapse to the bad prices realised six or seven years ago. Quite recently a farm at Lakenheath, in Suffolk, fetched under £5 an acre, and in Essex several farms have been sold at equally low figures. Speaking generally, the tone of the market has been weaker than in 1899, but in the opinion of many experts the prospects for the future are not otherwise than encouraging. Opinions vary somewhat as to the effect likely to be produced by the Agricultural Holdings Act, 1900, the more prevalent feeling being that it is but a slight improvement on the old Act, and that for some time at least difficulties and disputes will probably arise from the application of it.

Among the principal estates which have changed hands during the year, most of which, by the way, have been dealt with by private treaty, the following may be selected for mention: The Wokefield Park Estate, Berkshire, for £70,000; Grantley Hall, near Ripon, Yorkshire, 5,467 acres; the Debden Estate, Saffron Walden, Essex, 4,000 acres; the Gateforth Hall Estate, near Selby, Yorkshire, 1,882 acres, £85,000; a part of the Whitlebury Estate, Northamptonshire, comprising 3,000 acres, £100,000; Clarendon Park, Wiltshire, historically associated with the famous "Constitutions of Clarendon," with 4,250 acres, £80,000; the Abingdon Estate, Cambridgeshire, 2,600 acres; the Reedham Hall Estate, Norfolk, 1,900 acres, £45,000; the Arden and Hawnby Estates, near Helmsley, Yorkshire, 7,000 acres; the Barrington Hall Estate, near Eye, 3,200 acres, £70,000; the Hinxton Estate, Cambridgeshire, 1,910 acres, £58,000; Crawley Court, near Winchester, 1,930 acres; Westwood Park, Worcester, with 3,077 acres, £70,000; the Elton Manor Estate, Nottinghamshire, 1,075 acres, £27,000; the Stukeley Hall Estate, near Huntingdon, 1,050 acres, £30,000; the Pugh Manor Estate, near Dorchester, 1,000 acres; the Burrs Wood Estate, Speldhurst, Kent, 676 acres, £28,000; and Avon Castle and about 1,300 acres in the New Forest, £40,000. The prices given are in some cases only approximate, and where no figures are quoted the sum obtained has not been disclosed.



C. Reid, Wishaw, N.B.

MR. CLARK, KENNEL-MAN, AND DOGS.

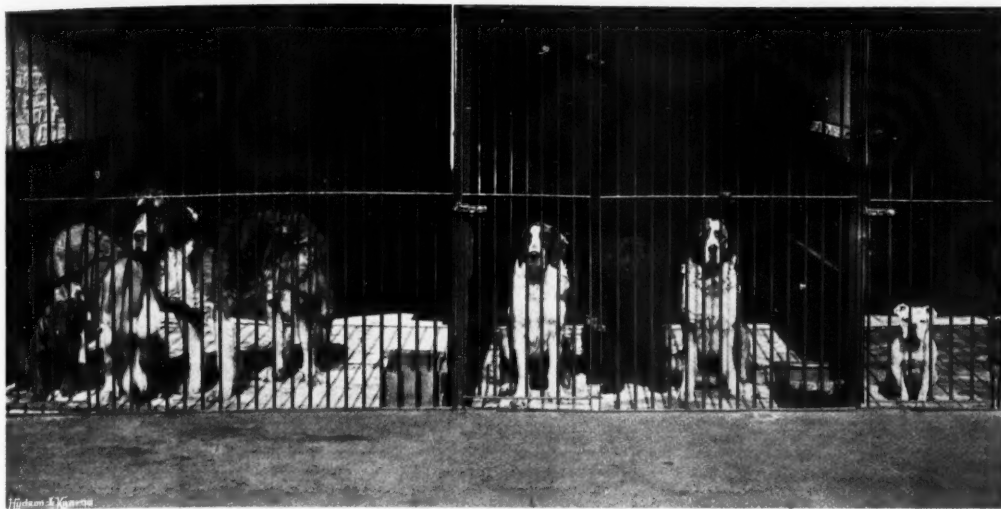
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## FAMOUS . . . KENNELS.

MR. W. SHEARER CLARK'S.

AMONGST the foremost Scottish kennels is that of Mr. W. Shearer Clark of Wishaw, N.B., a gentleman who not only has made his mark in connection





C. Reid, Wishaw, N.B.

A CORNER OF THE KENNEL.

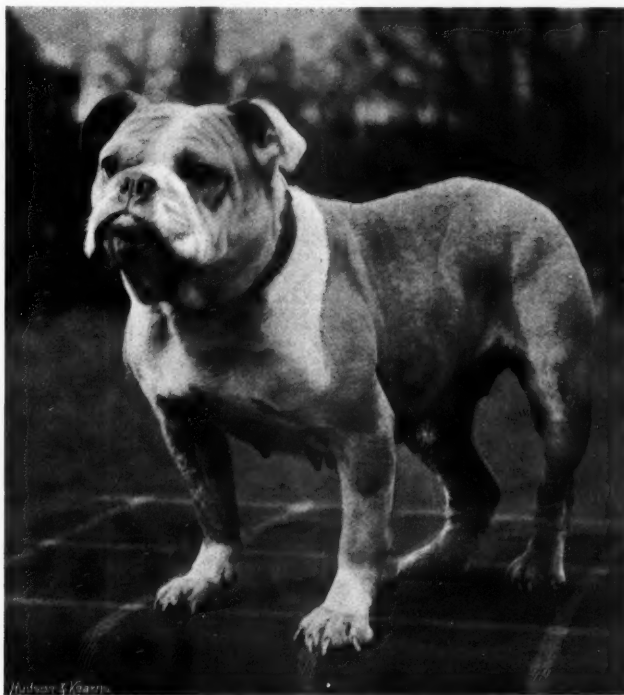
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with more than one breed, but can claim the great additional honour of having bred most of the best animals he has exhibited. This accomplishment is assuredly one of which any dog-lover has every reason to be proud in these days of keen competition, though it unfortunately happens that in many instances the most famous winners in their respective breeds have been bought as speculations by exhibitors from their less wealthy breeders, with the result that the latter are often deprived of all the credit that is due for having produced the animals in question.

Several years ago Mr. Shearer Clark's name was well known on both sides of the Cheviots as a very successful breeder of St. Bernards, and, in spite of the fact that for some time past his successes as an exhibitor have for the most part been confined to the bulldog sections of the shows at which he competes, the accompanying illustration renders it obvious that he has by no means lost his old love for the majestic St. Bernard, as several extremely good-looking specimens of this breed are depicted in the most successful photograph which has been taken of their admirably-arranged kennel. The fact remains, however, that the popularity of the St. Bernard in this country is not as it was, this being probably due to the fact that some breeders have been suspected of having experimented with outside crosses, with the object of adding to the stature of their dogs, the result being that their strains have become contaminated through the introduction of alien blood, and hence some of the leading characteristics of the race have become lost. No such reproach as the above has, however, been laid at the door of Mr. Shearer Clark's strain, whilst it may be added, as a qualified defence of those who may have experimented by crossing their St. Bernards, that the modern dogs, including those at the famous Hospice, contain but very little of the old original blood, which had practically died out, from the effects of disease and fatal accidents, some years ago, which necessitated the monks of St. Bernard resuscitating the variety by the best means at their disposal, this unfortunately compelling them to introduce blood which was not pure.

bone, amongst his other valuable properties being a capital under-jaw and plenty of filling up under the eyes, in both of which points many modern prize-winners are deficient. Hawkie, moreover, like the vast majority of good bulldogs, is a particularly good-tempered, amiable creature, and is devoted to children, his affection for little folks being proved by his expression of contentment whilst being caressed by his juvenile mistress.

Another quite first-rate specimen of the variety is the bitch CATALINA, a great winner in her class at many a show, and the possessor of a most perfect turn-up of under-jaw, a point to which every good judge attaches much importance. She is also square in skull, her eyes are well placed, her chop—i.e., flews—and double dewlaps are excellent, and her chest and bone extremely good, though it must be admitted, as will be noticed in the illustration herewith, that her feet would be improved by being more compact. The brindle and white LORD BELHAVEN is very good indeed in chest and bone, and particularly good in hind legs, as these are nice and straight and slightly inturned at the hocks, as they ought to be, whilst the hocks are also close to the ground. Lord Belhaven would, however, be all the better for a shorter



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CATALINA.

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BULL PUPPIES.

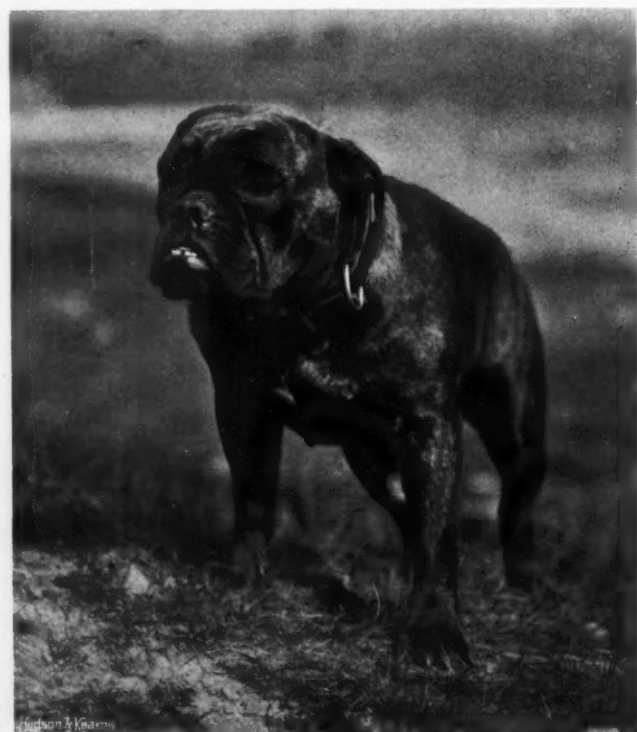
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C. Reid. MISS CLARK AND HAWKIE. Copyright—"C.L."

face, but this fact by no means detracts from his claim to be regarded as a most excellent bulldog. Unfortunately the brindled KELSO JUDY was not in an exactly happy frame of mind when in front of the camera; consequently many of her best properties are not apparent in the photograph, but her huge skull and nose and heavy bone cannot be disguised from view, these alone being sufficient to prove her merit.

The group of seven puppies, all of which show considerable promise, will suffice to convince any bulldog expert that Mr. Shearer Clark is fortunate in having a strong reserve of canine merit to fall back upon when the time comes for the older members of the kennel to retire from public life; and this fact will be hailed with satisfaction by all who have the welfare of



C. Reid. KELSO JUDY IN THE SULKS. Copyright—"C.L."

our national dog at heart. Dog-lovers beyond the Border will, moreover, be doubly gratified to learn that the premier bulldog kennel of Scotland is in no risk of running out through the lack of reinforcements, as, since the decease of Mr. George Ure of Broughty Ferry and the retirement of Mr. James Lyall of Arbroath, the variety has not possessed many powerful supporters in the Land o' Cakes.

## MY RECORD BREAK.

YESTERDAY was a great day for me, a day which I mark unhesitatingly with a white stone. I was not made a peer, nor was I left a fortune, but I compiled a break of twenty-three at billiards. I feel sure that the public will be glad to hear details of the break, so while every stroke is fresh in my memory I will describe it. Students of the most fascinating of indoor games will doubtless find the description of the utmost educational value. I have seen similar analyses of breaks in professional handbooks upon billiards, and to-day I fully realise the truth that it is not making single shots, but making a series of shots, which constitutes the real art of the game. Twenty-three constitutes my record break, my previous best having been fourteen.

It was against Colonel Playne, at the club, that the feat was accomplished. The Colonel thinks he is a better player than I am, and I think, indeed now I am convinced, that he is not so good. Consequently we play against each other nearly every evening. We meet in the billiard-room, right after night before dinner, as though by accident, and one of us suggests a game to pass away the time. Each night we greet each other heartily, contest a hundred up level, and part, the winner polite and talkative, the loser somewhat cold and taciturn. I frankly allow that I do not like being beaten by the Colonel; but I have the



C. Reid, Wishaw, N.B. LORD BELHAVEN. Copyright—"C.L."

satisfaction of knowing that he does not like being beaten by me. He is not a generous or appreciative opponent, as I think you will agree when you hear how he received my historic effort yesterday evening. At the same time, I do not deny that the circumstances were a little exasperating.

The marker had called his score at eighty-two to my sixty-seven, and he, being fifteen ahead, and seeing victory in his grasp, was invitingly sympathetic. So that when the red was left in the jaws of a top pocket he showed no annoyance.

"There's a good leave for you at last," he said cheerfully. "You'll get something out of that."

Little did he imagine how correct his prophecy was. I chalked my cue, and taking steady aim, put the red down. My own ball did not follow it in, as I had half hoped it might, but stayed on the edge of the pocket where the red had been an instant before. However, there was an easy losing hazard off the red on the spot into the opposite top pocket, and this I made successfully. The red rolled close to the middle pocket, and the Colonel's eyes began to glitter, as he relighted his cigar and glared at me above the flaming match.

Again I chalked my cue with extreme care, for I make a point of attending to this detail after every two strokes. The Colonel seemed to find this inoffensive action vexatious, for he shuffled his feet about on the floor. Accurately placing my ball in baulk at the natural angle, I went in off the red.

"Seventy-six—eighty-two!" called the marker, as he rolled me my ball from the middle pocket.

This time the red travelled up the table and remained about four inches off the white. As any billiard expert will tell you, half the secret of success is to play with good strength, so as to leave yourself an easy stroke. There was now left the simplest of cannons; therefore, I maintain, the strength must have been good.

"By Gad!" the Colonel grumbled, "they are running luckily for you."

Here, I thought, is the comment of ignorance, but I judged it better not to notice it. I made the cannon, but the balls became separated, and a glance at the position showed me that a crisis in the break was at hand. It must be either



a failure or a *tour de force*. I chose to attempt as the least of several evils a nasty square loser into the top pocket. This stroke needed both a generous amount of chalk and a violent effort, so I hit as hard as ever I could. My own ball, I confess, did not go in; perhaps Roberts would have made it go more nearly in than I did. But the red careered gallantly backwards and forwards across the table a great many times.

"Hard lines," said my opponent, putting down his cigar. "Is anything left for me?"

"Wait a minute," I replied, with my eye on the red. "There were two sizings to my bow. I thought I might very likely double the red."

"Double it, indeed," cried the Colonel, nervously watching the moving ball. "You've quadrupled it or quintupled it. This is about the sixth time it has travelled from cushion to cushion. Well! of all the villainous flukes. I believe it's going in. Really, really! Well——"

The Colonel's incoherent outburst did not alarm the red, which trickled on and finally dropped into the middle pocket.

"Eighty-one—eighty-two," said the marker, smiling faintly as he spotted the ball, and I gave my cue a particularly diligent preparation with chalk.

"Do hurry up," muttered my adversary, chewing the end of his cigar. "Don't be all night."

"There's plenty of time," I rejoined amicably. "It's not seven o'clock yet."

The cannon which I had now to negotiate was a fairly easy one, the red being on the spot, my own ball near the top of the table, and the white against the opposite cushion between the top and middle pockets. I did the cannon, and at the same time found, I admit with a little surprise, that the red had disappeared. It was a five shot."

"Go on; go on, please," said the Colonel, throwing up his hands in mock resignation. "Don't mind me; everything counts."

It is astounding what an exhibition a man will make of himself when he is losing a game. Possibly I had not thought about the red going in, but, as I proceeded to demonstrate to the Colonel, if I hit the red so as to make the cannon, it was bound to go in. Because I had not happened to notice the fact, the stroke was not on that account a fluke. Even at the risk of being tedious, I thought it well to explain this fully and clearly to my opponent. The laws of motion, I pointed out, are inexorable.

"Laws of motion!" he retorted, forgetting himself completely. "Laws of your grandmother. Your shots make laws for themselves as they go along."

"Eighty-six—eighty-two," the marker observed dispassionately.

It was useless to argue with the Colonel, but his rudeness put me on my mettle, and I made a neat two-cushion cannon off the red. Unfortunately the stroke put the white ball in.

"That's bad luck," I could not help saying; "it spoils the break."

"It counts two, and it is another fluke. Otherwise," he added with clumsy sarcasm, "perhaps it was unfortunate."

After an exhaustive study of the position, I decided upon the cautious expedient of a safety shot, and a double baulk. Hitting the red very delicately, I left it in the bottom corner, following on with my own ball behind the baulk line.

"Eighty-two—ninety," said the marker; "last break twenty-three."

The Colonel merely grunted, and uttered no word of congratulation. "Daren't leave that red where it is," he growled, and proceeded to play across the table at it. You know the method; you hit your ball out of baulk with side on it, so that it twists back. The Colonel is rather proud of the quantity of side he can put on the stroke. It shows, he considers, great power of cue. On this particular occasion he showed so much power, that his ball came back too much and ran a *coup* into the bottom corner pocket. I turned away, because I did not wish him to see I was smiling. As I heard no sound I feared he might be fallen in a fit, so I turned back again. He was an imperial purple in the face.

"Ninety-three—eighty-two," called the marker.

Of course my tactics were plain. I gave the red an even gentler touch than before, rolling it nearer the pocket, and following again with my own. The Colonel was now beside himself with fury, and omitted to chalk his cue. He slashed violently at his ball to hit it round the table, in order to make it come back to the corner where the other two balls were left. In his haste he missed hopelessly, and his ball only travelled, at a liberal estimate, about seven inches. Another miss to me.

I was too excited about my own stroke to catch the facial expression which my adversary employed. The marker handed me the rest, and aiming with a deliberation which the crisis demanded, I put both the red ball and my own in. This counted six, and made me game.

My words of condolence to the Colonel were not received in the courteous spirit in which they were offered. Indeed, he returned me no intelligible answer. My record break had upset him.

I suppose high-class professionals enjoy their breaks of three figures. But, however much I may improve in the future, I doubt very much if I shall ever enjoy myself better at billiards than I did last night.



## BOOK II.—GOYAULT.

### CHAPTER II.

#### ALGITHA'S CHAMPION.

PARAMOUNT desire grows and expels the rabble of smaller thought. So it was with Goyault, as his ship, leaving the tempest behind it, strained shorewards towards the sunset. Against the light, Jobourg on its crags shone like a picture in an arc of blue, each grey line acutely clear after the summer tempest. Forgotten were all the perplexities of his hour and of his errand. He no longer looked at happiness through another man's eyes. He mused upon the overthrow of Morlaix as the gate which led to joy, unclouded joy. The lover's doubts which might under less difficult circumstances have beset him were not his. As in a room of mirrors one sees a single face reflected, so all the air reverberated the image of Algitha, the half-averted blushed girl of two years ago. His buoyant nature, revolting against the strain of unwonted sadness, leaped to meet her whom his soul desired.

Now that the square shell of Jobourg loomed up in black shadow and sparkling sunset gleams above him, his eyes viewed and reviewed the whole. The keenness of the lover's mood burned in him. He made a dalliance with delight; anticipation of seeing her he loved again overpowered him with its stinging fragrance.

Round the rocky feet of Jobourg the water churned and thundered. There was no landing-place, therefore Goyault suffered the steersman to turn the leopard's head into the broad channel which lies between Grenezay and the string of islands that curve about her sides. Goyault burned with impatience as they forged slowly along the mile or two of lofty coast ere sweeping before the shifting wind into an oblong bay, where, closing a vista of two lines of foam, a little kindly beach disclosed itself.

As the boat rushed up upon a wave and touched, Goyault leaped forth upon the sand, yet even then was forced to tarry

whilst his following came ashore; he could not present himself without due formality at Jobourg. Ere their ordering was half completed, from the rugged slopes above a band of men came streaming down to meet him. At their head Earl Wulnoth, a broad Saxon, his fair hair falling to his shoulders and a long moustache drooping far below his chin. A brooch crusted with jewels fastened his cloak upon one side, leaving free a great arm covered with heavy bracelets.

Goyault hardly heard the words with which the greeting passed, for was not this the father of her he loved? Nevertheless he told a glib tale of Karadac while his heart beat in his ears. With a fine vagueness he gave it to be understood that he represented his liege, the Count of Gersay, in so far that, had not misfortune intervened, Karadac would have come in person to the jousts. As it was, Goyault professed himself ready to champion the cause of the Lady Algitha without promise of reward, save only that which she might choose in her kindness afterward to bestow.

To all this Wulnoth answered handsomely, and led on by ancient friendship and the young man's kindly aspect, poured forth his woes and disappointments to the only ears in Grenezay he had not yet awaried with them.

"Exiled and beggared and a wanderer, good Sieur Goyault, all for a girl's folly, see you how hard my case? I knew not where to fly, till my daughter, who in truth is not so great a fool as her rashness might suggest to you, reminded me of Sir Jean de Jobourg. In memory of favours done him in time past by my good brother Brithric Maude, he received us—with some secret grudging it may be, but I recked not of it. I hoped we had escaped, but this embittered Norman has, it seems, no room for two ideas in his head, and still hankered for the maid. So he has followed us and stirred up strife afresh. He, with a round half-dozen of his friends, dwells with the knight Sampson d'Anneville, to whom Duke Robert gave in fief a third part of

this isle. Had I not sixty heavy years upon my back, I should throw down the glove to Morlaix myself! As it is, I thank the saints that you ask nothing of my girl, for no promise will she grant to any knight, be he of Normandy or Grenezay. She is bewitched herself, I say, whereas Gauthier has accused her of casting evil spells of sorcery upon him."

"To-morrow we will answer him."

"Aye, I would that you had another day to rest, but the Court of Chevaliers meets by the Duke's command to-morrow to decide cases of moment within these shores. Four knights—two of this island, Jean de Jobourg and Sampson d'Anneville, the two knights sent hither from Normandy—will see justice done. This is their custom every year, and may God uphold the right!"

So they climbed the steep and waited, and when all had reached the level ground, Wulnoth cried out, "A horse—you have no horse!"

"By reason of the tempest it could not be embarked."

"Surely misfortune follows us! I will lend you of the best I can, but alas, the horses in this island are but small and light, whereas Gauthier has a large Flemish steed. Surely misfortunes dog me!"

But Goyault was in no way daunted. He would fain have cheered the older man, but Wulnoth grumbled on with Saxon relish until they reached a triple bank with fosse and trench between which crossed the isthmus of the headland where Jobourg stood, an ancient line of defence, and now used by the descendants of the very race against whose inroads it was built.

Beyond it rose the true entrance-gate, flanked by small towers, and surmounted by a guardroom. This gate formed the buckle of a tall belt of outer wall; within it, drawn to a smaller circle, was a second wall, old, and ruinous, patched with earth and rubble, and against it built frail sheds of reed to give shelter to the poorer sort of man and beast. The keep itself, new built by Jean of Jobourg under command of Duke Robert, shone sharp and sparkling in the evening light, and beside it clung a wooden building which their host had raised to give accommodation to his English guests.

A great courtyard lay westward of the castle to the inner wall. Here it was that Jean de Jobourg waited to receive the late-come champion. The tall English Earl led Goyault forward, and as he did so, the soft clatter of a shutter opened sounded overhead.

Goyault was in the full buoyancy and flush of expectation. Handsome, debonair, his young noble figure moved across the open space with the free tread of hope and courage. He was living wholly in the present, and the glow of feeling lit his face as a lamp is lighted from within. It was the day on which his manhood burst into its flower.

Alghitha, watching from above, all overflushed with joy and pride of him, told herself that her heart had rightly judged in those old days in England, when it had chosen and crowned him for her king. Seen again, the sunny eyes and gallant bearing seemed to have gained not lost in charm. A young god born of the northern ice-clouds, and warmed to life by the breathings of the south—a knight matchless upon the field, or challenging with a glance of suppliant worship his lady's eyes. So her mind rang changes of sweet bells that echoed each one name—Goyault!

After some time the meaning of the words uttered below reached Alghitha.

"You come, seigneur, to represent the Count of Gersay?" Jean de Jobourg spoke.

Goyault hesitated. Karadac or himself? And in the pause a sound of straining wood, for Alghitha bent forward to hear the answer, pushing back the shutter as she moved.

Goyault raised his eyes. There, in the last glow of sunset, as Karadac had seen her picture first, Goyault now saw herself, full breathing, all her delicate beauty framed in the old grey wall. A swift encounter with those blue, radiant eyes, a wind-blown cloud of golden hair, and she was gone.

"By my faith, my Lord of Jobourg, I am here to represent myself. Count Karadac had also come but for his new-gotten wound. The Lady Alghitha might, had she so willed, have sent two champions to the lists to uphold her righteous cause. Where is her accuser?"

But his quick glance had long ago picked out the powerful pale face and chestnut head of Gauthier from the circle of clean-shaven Normans who stood around.

"Him you shall meet to-morrow at the Court of Chevaliers, which will be held at Les Landes," Sir Jean answered. "There he will set forth his wrongs and the evil workings, whereby he swears the Lady Alghitha has striven to undo him. There also shall you have opportunity to traverse his accusations."

Goyault glanced haughtily from eye to eye of the assemblage circled round. He longed to defy the whole earth for her sake, so hot his blood coursed in him at that hour.

Gauthier de Morlaix needed no second invitation to show himself. With a stately stride he moved into the centre of the scene, for he was one who, spite all his coldness, loved to fill the eye of the crowd and win applause.

"I am here, Goyault of St. Ouen. What do you desire of me?"

"To thrust back the lie into your throat!" cried out Goyault. The spark struck from him unawares by Morlaix's placid arrogance.

Gauthier threw back his head in a loud guffaw of laughter, which was echoed among the bystanders. Many wished to stand well with the Norman baron; besides, there is no combination more popular with the multitude than brute force and self-assertion.

"So you shall, youngster, at the sword's point—if you can, in the lists to-morrow." Gauthier's reply held a covert ridicule which stung the more because it included no slightest trace of umbrage.

There was another laugh at Goyault's expense. Goyault waited until it died. He had been Fortune's child too long not to know how to make a cast for public favour. He crossed to Gauthier's side, glancing up and down the big man to emphasise the difference of bulk and flesh, and said with a smile:

"The ass brayed and kicked up his heels until a little dog came and bit him."

It was a common jest among the soldiery of the time, but it fell so apt upon the occasion that it told, catching the humour of the crowd. A shout followed, but the sound ceased with some abruptness as the laughers recollected at whose expense they laughed. A sheepish look passed round, and every eye turned towards Gauthier in admiring expectation.

Callous and complacent, the Norman was always ready to outrage the self-respect of others by brutal words, but he carried no verbal weapon with which to play an adversary. Men of his character have little use for such; they rule by the iron hand, and their methods admit of little responsive struggle. Therefore Gauthier, taken unawares by Goyault's gibe, could find no better answer than a threat.

"By the splendour of God, to-morrow the cur shall have a bloody tongue to bark with!" he swore.

But oath and anger gave Goyault no concern. He was presently led into the presence of Alghitha. He stood before her, and could not raise his eyes, although warmly conscious of the clinging robe of white, close-drawn about her throat, and the fall and rise of the over-gown of blue which told of hurried breathing. Her long hair, as of old, fell wavy and luxuriant about her shoulders and slender waist. But her eyes—what would they tell him in the first look?

"You have come to be my champion. I thank you, Sir Goyault."

Her voice seemed to break the charm that kept him mute and fearful. He knelt before her with a sudden gallant grace, and, smiling up into her shining eyes, he answered:

"Did you not know that I should come, lady? You needed me."

"No, for I am a poor damsel who lacks champions. Have they not told you so much of my story?"

"Yes, and I was glad." He was upon his feet again, and the answer rang.

"Glad? Then I am forlorn of hope indeed!"

Unlike Karadac, Goyault was a lover born. High qualities may rule the world, but near at hand it is the natural gift which captures the senses.

"I have heard all," he said, simply, but the words seemed to carry a score of meanings to her. "I should have neither part nor lot in your defence, lady, had another taken upon him to be your champion."

Alghitha hid her smile in her own heart, and raised grave eyes. "How had you tidings of my need?"

"They brought your picture to Gersay, and I looked on it."

"The picture?" she repeated, softly; "had you forgotten, then?"

"Forgotten the banks of Avon and the mornings in the meadows? No!"

She drew back before his vehemence, her cheeks flushing. All her thoughts were stirred and sweet and swift. She was filled with a strange weakness. She felt the whelming pulse of hidden things. In the same far-off way she saw Goyault, the idealisation of unremembered dreams. How his name had dwelt with her! An empty echo long, which might one day mean much. And now he was here, the name she loved incarnate! She recalled his fierceness in the courtyard, the challenge of his eyes, and her heart thrilled. The thrill ran into her tone as she faltered:

"Those days were long ago."

"They seem to me like yesterday now that we meet again," answered Goyault, and checked himself.

Her aspect changed.

"Many yesterdays of sadness lie between me and that past time. Even to-day I believed I had no champion—that my messenger had failed."

"The messenger you sent to Gersay?" Goyault spoke carelessly, but with a secret throb.

But Alghitha was woman enough to see at once the pitfall of



that admission. A covert light flashed under her white lids, as she replied:

"I had heard many tales of the great Count Karadac of Gersay. A noble knight who succours the distressed, and wields withal an arm so mighty that he has never failed to pluck victory on the field," then stopped amazed, for at her words the colour faded under the knight's bronze.

"True, lady, great is Karadac. And he has charged me with a message for your ears. He was on the way to your relief and aid when the tempest fell upon us, and, riding through the haunted forests of the isle, a hand out of the blank darkness struck him blind."

Algitha shuddered.

"It seems my cause is accursed indeed." Softly below her breath she spoke the thought in fear.

"I have won through, lady. Be not sad. Heaven chooses its own champions, and yours is a holy appeal to judgment of the right."

"If Karadac had escaped he would have been my champion?"

"Then two champions would have answered at the lists in your name, Lady Algitha."

"Alas, I see you but espouse my cause at second hand! At best a makeshift! I am grateful as becomes me; but I can accept no proxy chivalry."

Goyault in love was blind as other men.

"Mine is no proxy chivalry," he urged, feeling a sudden blankness. "I am in truth a lesser knight than the great Count, whose undimmed fame——"

Algitha raised a white hand.

"Oh, Count Karadac—the great Count; enough of him."

Hope flushed to life once more in Goyault.

"Hear me," he cried; "I fight in no man's name but my own. For my own right hand I do battle. Goyault de Gros-Nez in this adventure calls no man lord."

"Not to-night," said the level voice of Gauthier; "but to-morrow may give you a master."

"Yourself, Sir Gauthier?" Goyault faced round upon the group of Normans who had just entered the hall.

Gauthier shook his big head solemnly.

"Not I, in sooth, but one whom some men name Beelzebub."

(To be continued.)

## THE TAY AUTUMNAL ROD-FISHING.

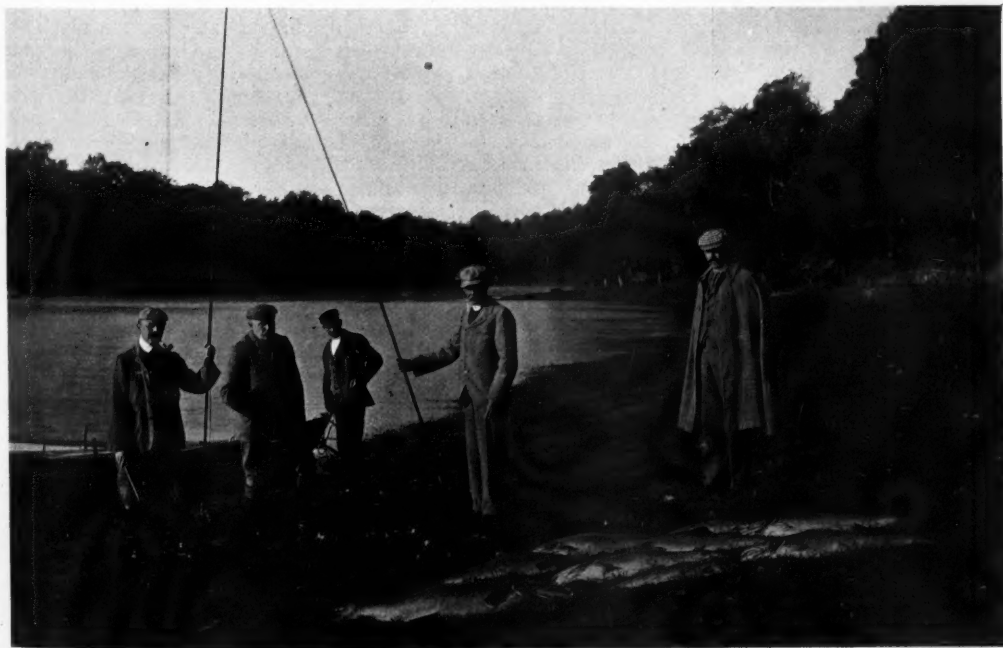
FOR the last half-dozen or so of years that glorious river the Tay has seemed intent on proving that during the first half or more of the time that it is open for the autumn rod-fishing it is not worth that modest measure of value, a "tinker's blessing." All things, be it understood, are relative, and the value of the Tay as a salmon river is no exception. Even in the early part of the season, even before the nets come off, even in the clearest and least promising condition of water, a grilse may be picked up here and there—a salmon hardly. Yet the occasional grilse is as much as many a salmon river will give all the year through. Tay is never, we think, as treacherous as this. She will always give a *quid pro quo*, provided the *quo* denote the price given for the whole autumnal season. As for the spring fishing, that is another matter. It is less "chancy."

So far as there is anything approaching certainty in this affair of salmon fishing, of which its glorious uncertainty is its most



BURNMOUTH.

striking feature, the spring fishing in a really good salmon river (such as the Tay undoubtedly still is, although mightily fallen away from its former estate) may be regarded as a tolerably sure investment. But with regard to the autumn fishing there is much more hazard. For one thing, it is quite conceivable, although it happens rarely, that the river may not come into flood until the season is past. And by flood we would be taken to mean not merely a moderate rise, but a really big spate, and, better still, a succession of spates, accompanied by a good wind, to fill the river up, out of Loch Tay, and give it a thoroughly good wash out, after the stagnation, the lowness, and the heat of the summer. There is a theory that the river will not fish its best until after the third spate subsequent to the taking off of the nets; but as to that, it is to be said that three spates in the autumn season, after the nets come off, are a good deal to expect, and in salmon fishing it is a beatitude especially to be laid to heart that "blessed is he



A SINGLE DAY'S FISHING.

that expecteth nothing, for he shall never be disappointed."

That is a marvellously heroic maxim, but, like most of these counsels of perfection, it is one that the ordinary man finds no ordinary difficulty in following out. Especially was it difficult to follow it out in our gallant river the Tay in the first part of the autumn of 1900. In the previous year it might be followed without any tremendous effort, for then, on the first taking off of the nets, and right away up to the middle of September, the river was in such condition, or lack of condition, that scarcely the most hopeful angler could think of a fish taking his fly. The water was very low indeed, and as clear as gin. Now there are places on the Tay, such as the Cradle Pool, on the lower Cargill beat, that will fish, no matter how low the water, but for the catching of any fish in them two things, even there, are needful: the one that the water should have some kind of colour in it, and the second that it should have some kind of fish in it. These conditions were not fulfilled in the autumn of 1899. The river was as clear as crystal, and had been so low for months that no fish could have come up, even had they been so inclined. Therefore the angler, catching nothing, suffered no disappointment. The state of the case was far otherwise in the autumn of 1900. There came a big spate just about the time of the nets coming off, on top of a river that was of fine volume, for the time of year, already, and all looked hopeful for the catching of fish. The water ran down quickly (it always does run down quickly, too quickly, nowadays, with all the surface draining that modern farming does), to a good height and a good colour. Moreover, even before the nets came off, a few grilse and an occasional salmon had been caught, giving promise of much better things when the nets should be removed and another spate come to



BRINGING HIM TO THE GAFF.

let up some more fish; and yet, when that spate ran down and everything looked beautiful, far fewer fish were caught, for fewer fish seemed to be about than before its coming. It was all very inexplicable; it was all very disappointing. Then it was that the angler could with difficulty console himself or harden himself with the maxim that "blessed is he that expecteth nothing." He had every warranty for expecting good things, but the good things did not come. It seemed as if the spate had just put on the move the fish that were in the river before, had sent them far up to undiscoverable, unfishable spawning beds, but had tempted up no more of those that rumour said were in the estuary, only asking a draught of fresh water to allure them up.

The worst feature of the business was that as the fish did not come up in these early weeks of the season, when there was everything to make their up-river path smooth and pleasant for them, there was no apparent reason why they should come up at all, why the whole autumn rod season should not be a virtual blank. There seemed no particular reason why this parlous state of affairs should not prevail; but as a matter of fact it fortunately did not. The pictures that accompany these notes on the Tay fishing season of the autumn of 1900 are proof in themselves, without any written attestation, that the season was not altogether a bad one—on the contrary, that the finish of the season was altogether a good one. "A great back-end," in the language of the local fishermen, has been the characteristic of the Tay autumnal rod-fishing season both in 1899 and 1900. Here is a photograph—or reproduction from one—showing the results of A SINGLE DAY'S FISHING—fairly satisfactory, as we opine. It is not, we believe, a record for the year in regard to the number or the weight of fish caught. That record, for 1900, is held, we believe, by the Duke of Roxburghe, fishing on his own Floors beat of the Tweed, and pleasant it is to hear of the great border river, beloved and belauded of Sir Walter Scott, doing something more like its duty again, after many years in which it has done a deal less than it should. In the net-fishing the Tweed did well last year too—the practical management of the netting has passed into fresh hands, perhaps to its advantage—the nets catching "a nice class of fish," as the men describe them, steadily all through, though not such heavy fish as in the Tay. But if Tay had to yield to Tweed in number of fish caught on any one day, Tay has the record for the biggest single fish taken with rod for the year—a forty-five pounder, taken by Mr. Herring on the Stanley Water, of which, THE RECORD FISH OF THE YEAR and its captor, our third illustration gives the picture. This Stanley Water is perhaps the most pleasant fishing, and, on the whole, not far from being the most productive fishing, of any on the Tay. It was here that Lord Zetland caught his famous big fish, of which Colonel Sandeman has the cast in his house, which stands almost exactly opposite the place where the fish was killed.

These pictures show for the most part incidents of the angler's sport that you can see anywhere, though less often than the angler would wish you to see them—the hooking and playing the fish, the tiring out, and the eventual BRINGING HIM TO THE GAFF. But, besides these common incidents, so to speak, the pictures do here and there give a hint of the peculiar beauty of the fishing on this Stanley Water. Possibly Stobhall



THE RECORD FISH OF THE YEAR.



and some of the others are more famous beats on the Tay for the numbers and the size of the fish caught, but in the writer's humble judgment the Stanley Water is the most pleasant to fish of all the beats into which the syndicate that practically "runs the whole show" has divided the beautiful Tay. In all the beautiful river there is no stretch more beautiful than that which is called the Stanley beat, and BURNMOUTH, just above it. There is a charming variety of steep, rocky, and wooded banks enclosing deep, still pools and stretches where the water glides away silently and smoothly, and again necks through which it races in a hurrying torrent. That which makes it so pleasant for the fisher is that a deal of the casting can be done from the bank. Ordinarily it is only too just a reproach to the Tay that most of the work has to be done by means of the tedious "harling," or, at best, casting from the boat; but on Stanley there is better work than this. These pools, moreover, seem apt to attract fish when there are but few in the river, so that the blank days there are less frequent, I fancy, than on any other beat of the Tay.

Blank days, alas! there are too frequently on every beat. Great is the change from the condition that the boatmen tell us of in the days of Mr. Berkeley Field, and the reason of it, though obscured by the mists of much vain talk and argument, is not really far to seek. Pollution may have done something to check the up-running of the fish, and surface draining may have done its share; but the real crying sin is the over-netting—the over-netting both in the estuary and up the river. Everyone knows that this is the real reason of the deterioration of the fishing, and everyone except those that have interest in the nets will tell you so. The nets catch all, or nearly all, the fish coming up to spawn. In no other department of sport do we make a business of killing things in the breeding season. Then why here? There is the Sunday close time, you are told, when fish may run up. So they may run up, through the tidal waters, but the up-river nets come on on Monday and catch all the fish that have run through the estuary on Sunday. So that sapient provision stultifies itself. Had those who are concerned in the fishing the requisite breadth and length of view, the tidal water nets would come off at least a week or, better still, a fortnight earlier in the autumn, and the up-river nets would not be allowed on after the beginning of August. Then they would no longer systematically slay the goose that lays the golden eggs. The Ribble people have set a noble example, recommending to the Royal Commission that for a period of ten years there be no netting at all in the fresh water, and only in a certain defined area of the tidal water, and that even within that area there shall be a weekly close time of seventy-two hours. The Norwegians have become alive to the folly of slaying the goose that is prolific in gold. When will our own fishing authorities awake to a similar illumination of common-sense?

## IN THE GARDEN.

### WINTER FLOWERS.

IT is pleasant to receive on the threshold of Christmas flowers gathered from the open ground. A charming spray of Chrysanthemum Julie Lagravere has been sent us, cut from the open border. This reminds us of the importance of outdoor Chrysanthemums, and the late kinds in particular. Through October, November, and until a few days ago, a pretty village in Surrey was bright with Chrysanthemums. Cottage Pink, Julie Lagravere, the old Jardin des Plantes, a quite rich yellow, and Mrs. Rundle were in full bloom. Every garden, almost, had its Chrysanthemums, sometimes trained against the houses, looped up in the border, or planted by the garden path. When one cottager makes his plot bright, others grow envious, and plant too, until in time the result is a village of blossom. This happened in the place of which we are now writing. Julie Lagravere is nothing under glass. We lose that beautiful warm crimson shade, and it looks dead and dreary, but in the open garden the colour is rich and distinct. Cottage Pink is a capital outdoor Chrysanthemum, purple pink, and quite double, but the florets throw off heavy rains. It would be quite worth while to plant this largely in gardens for its autumn effect. There is no more enduring late variety.

### THE GERMAN IRIS FOR FORCING.

It may be a foolish confession to make, but the writer was unaware that the German Iris was of any value for forcing; but a note in the *Garden* recently shows that the plant may be easily brought into bloom through the winter months. As readers of COUNTRY LIFE may be interested in knowing how this is accomplished, we quote the paragraph, which is as follows: "It may not be generally known that this beautiful Iris can be had in flower during the winter, but this is the case, and this too with little trouble or expense. No other hardy flowers, perhaps, give such a variety of colour as these Irises, hence their great value during a period when flowers of this character are scarce. They may be had in bloom from Christmas onwards, and as one can cut them with long stems, they are invaluable for indoor decorations, especially for tall glasses, for which they are admirably adapted. The strongest roots should be selected and potted thickly into 7in. or 8in. pots; any kind of soil will answer this purpose. Give them a good watering, and place them in the forcing house, where, in a few days, they will begin to throw up their flower spikes. Before the flower opens they should be given a cooler temperature, so as to extend their season of flowering as long as possible. It need not be feared that any permanent injury will result to the clumps from which the roots are taken through being disturbed, as it is a plant which makes offsets very freely, and the gap made is soon filled up."

### THE NEED FOR PROTECTION.

At the time of writing the weather is almost spring-like, and there is little prospect of a change to anything more "seasonable." But this mild autumn and early winter means that newly-planted things, bulbs spearing through the ground, and Roses will suffer severely later on, through ill-ripened wood and unnatural growth. That frosts and snow will come there is little doubt, and then tender plants not given some protection will be cut up and probably killed. It is quite easy to give simple protection during the winter by matting up Ceanothuses, Tea Roses against walls, Myrtles, and such-like, drawing the earth over the crowns of bush Tea and Noisette Roses, or covering over any rare clumps of bulbs with a handlight. Hurdles are very useful to put over colonies of Christmas Roses, Violets, and winter flowers—we mean hurdles thatched with straw, reed, or heath. We strongly advise that the Chimonanthus, if coming into flower, receive some kind of protection, which may be afforded by thrusting bracken or Spruce boughs amongst the shoots. These protect the opening blossom, so sweet and delicate in colour, and useful for the table as a winter decoration.

### NOTES UPON PLANTS AND FRUITS—NEW AND OTHERWISE.

*Kniphofia aloides maxima*.—This, of course, is not a new plant, but an autumn-flowering form of it, and we recently noticed it in bloom in the Himalayan house in the Royal Gardens, Kew. *Kniphofia* is the newer name for *Tritoma*, and *K. aloides* is the old *Tritoma Uvaria*, the Red-hot Poker Plant, or Flame-flower of English gardens, the glorious spiked plant so rich and startling in its colouring. An autumn, or rather early winter, flowering *Kniphofia* would pass a sorry time in bloom in the open garden, but it was a pleasure to see it in the house, where, planted out, it was bearing six spikes of warm reddish and yellow colouring.

*Pear Charles Ernest*.—At a recent meeting of the Royal Horticultural Society, Messrs. Veitch and Sons of Chelsea showed this new Pear, and received an award of merit. We tasted the fruit and pronounced it delicious, and especially so for the quite late autumn. The fruit is of Pear-like form, and the specimen we received measured 4½ in. long, with a breadth of 3 in., the skin of a pure gold colour and quite smooth. It is quite a table Pear, good-looking and enjoyable. It may be compared for quality to Doyenné du Comice, and is likely to have a good future. The growth is very vigorous, and a free crop is carried upon bush or cordon trees.

*Pear Winter Nelis*.—There is no more delicious winter Pear than this; it is a little sweetmeat, and all the good qualities of a hundred big watery kinds are compressed in this brown fruit of Christmas-time. We have lately received a small boxful to try. We know this Pear well already, and cannot understand anyone who cares for fruit being without trees of it to supply the winter dessert.

### "QUICK FRUIT CULTURE."

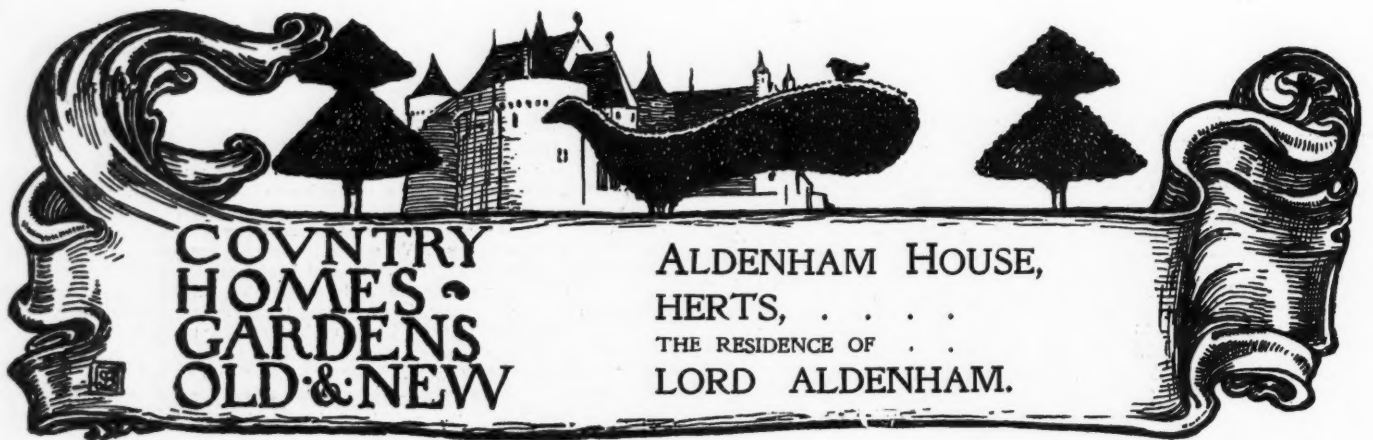
This is a new fruit book by John Simpson, published by Messrs. Pawson and Brailsford, High Street, Sheffield. The author is a well-known writer upon things concerning the garden and home estate, and this book will certainly increase his reputation as a writer who can put matters in a plain, sensible way. A book for the garden should be of practical use, not the record of someone's experiences poorly expressed, an attempt to write without first mastering the rudiments of respectable English composition, and telling one of the things in the garden that even a child should understand. We are tired of maudlin garden books of that kind. "Quick Fruit Culture" deals at considerable length with the art of pruning, so little understood. A previous work by the same author, "Pruning and Training Improved," is incorporated in this volume in a revised form. As the author mentions, "Fruit culture is a far simpler matter than many people imagine, and the attempt is made here to show what the quickest and easiest methods are, and how to carry them out with the least trouble, and in the most successful manner." It is indeed a staunch defence of the reasonable and profitable way of pruning fruit trees by practically leaving them alone. The system is called "The Extension," and is christened thus by the author to denote a system of culture that permits free natural growth and early and abundant fertility, as distinguished from the old restrictive system involving a constant round of useless pruning that kept the trees small, and made early fertility impossible. To illustrate the practical character of the book and its clearly-defined instructions, we will quote a piece about

### THE GARDEN STRAWBERRY

to show that the former may be purchased without fear of getting a treatise of no earthly value because written simply to "make up" something to sell. "The garden Strawberry is derived from the common wild Strawberry of our woods, crossed at times with American and other species, and it succeeds in almost any soil not too deficient in lime. No plant responds more quickly to good culture; and given a good kind to begin with, the grower may plant his Strawberry plantation after his early Potatoes, or any other early crop is cleared off the ground, and have an abundant crop of the finest the following summer. Plant at the end of July or beginning of August, and a good crop is assured the following year; plant in September or October, and only a poor crop, or no crop worth speaking of, can be expected, and a whole year is lost. The secret consists in planting in July or August, to give the plants time to form good crowns and strong flower-scape buds."

### THE WITCH HAZELS.

Owing to the well-ripened wood and phenomenally mild season, winter imitating spring, the Witch Hazel is flowering with the writer, and it is a daily delight to look at those curiously twisted golden florets attached to the brown leafless shoots. The poets sing of the dreary winter-time, and the man in the street regards it as a time of unpleasant weather and threatening physical ills. But to-day—December 15th—has been springlike in its warmth and sunshine, and a walk round the garden revealed many interesting things in bloom. Against a split oak fence is *Jasminum nudiflorum*, the winter Jasmine, a patch of glorious yellow, and as beautiful as anything of the spring or summer. This plant is covered with bloom, and provides many shoots for the home. *Chimonanthus fragrans*, the Winter Sweet, is already opening on a south wall, but we wish more particularly to refer to the Witch Hazels (*Hamamelis*). The most charming of the family is *H. borealis*, the tree Witch, or Wych, Hazel; it is quite a small tree, seldom, we believe, growing more than 12 ft. high, and it succeeds in light soils, but a sunny, fairly open spot is necessary. Of course one may plant it in the usual way in the shrubbery, but its value is more in evidence when several plants are in a bed with a groundwork of some tufted covering, such as *Gaultheria procumbens*, which at this time is crimson with its many berries. Quite a pretty winter bed may be made in this way. Another valuable, and as yet quite rare, *Hamamelis* is *H. mollis*, which comes from Central China; it has wavy petals of orange colouring and chocolate-toned calyces; *H. virginica* is early-flowering, and not so picturesque as *H. borealis*.



**A**LDENHAM is a quaint house in a beautiful garden. Its outlines are softened by the stately avenue of elms, some two hundred years old, leading to the front entrance, a leafy regiment breaking the view of the tree-clothed hills towards the famous Harrow School. The history of the mansion is uneventful. It was probably built about 1550, has been altered by various possessors until little of the original structure remains, and has never been sold, but passed by marriage to the present family. There is much to interest the architect and antiquarian. The noble oak hall is of the time of Charles II., and the west front, of the same period, makes a restful setting to

the trees around, for Aldenham is essentially a leafy place, due in part to the lordly groups in park and woodland, but more to the free and delightful planting carried out by Lord Aldenham and his gardener son, the Hon. Vicary Gibbs, M.P., during the past twenty years.

The house is a mixture in every sense, but not a patchwork erection of many styles, as the old and charming Queen Anne character has been well preserved, meriting at this day the description Chauncy gave of it in 1700, a "fair house of brick." The period of George II. is seen in the bow of the drawing-room and the library, and the east front looking on the rose garden is

of quite modern times, about twenty-five years ago. There is a simple grandeur in the entrance from the elm avenue. The red brick is toned by the pleasant green of the trees, and nothing obstructs the mansion with its face to the broad stretch of open land. But from the garden front colour and design, effective and simple, make this a glorious retreat, bright and interesting at all times, in the fulness of summer and the depth of winter. When we visited Aldenham the garden immediately against the house and on a quiet terrace was splashed with colour from the dashing array of begonias, fuchsias, and summer bedding, so brilliant that it was refreshing to walk through the quaint pleached alley of limes to the woodland and wilderness beyond, where shrubs of importance for colour of leaf, stem, and flower are massed in a bold and picturesque way. We have never seen anything so effective in an English garden.

This planting is quite modern; in truth, the gardens have been transformed by Lord Aldenham until they may be regarded as new, and the outlines of the estate have undergone the same change. Thomas Sutton, who owned the estate in 1590, would scarcely recognise in the present extensive and well-planted park, garden, and woodland the Aldenham of his far-off day, when, maybe, the garden flowers scented the borders, but few of the things in the wonderful arboretum were known to our ancestors. They are the result of discoveries and explorations of our own day.

It is interesting to know that the estate passed in 1614, with Thomas Sutton's daughter and heir, to her husband, Henry Coghill, in whose family it remained until 1734, and their coat of arms still remains over the hall door. Then it passed

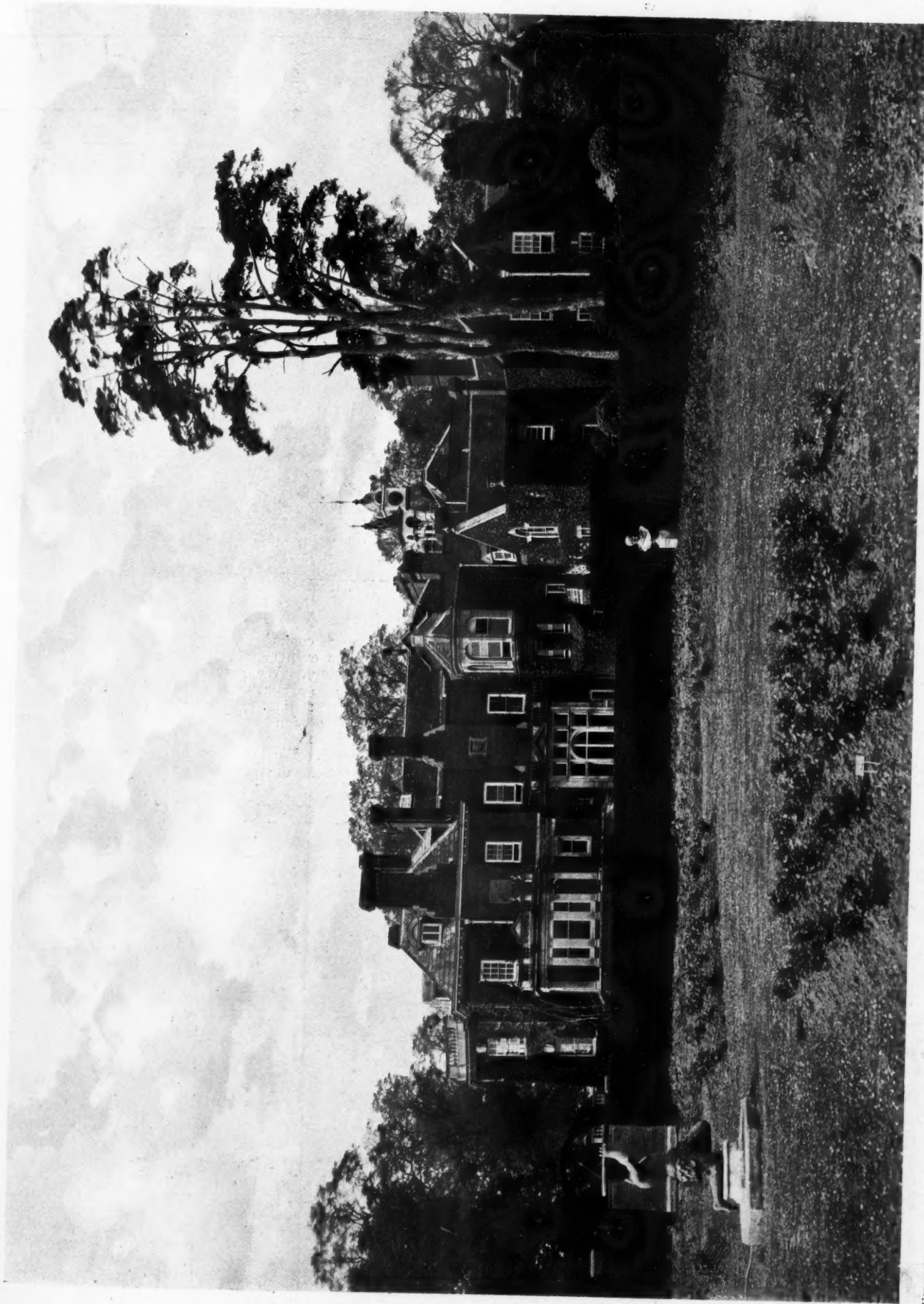


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THE ENTRANCE.

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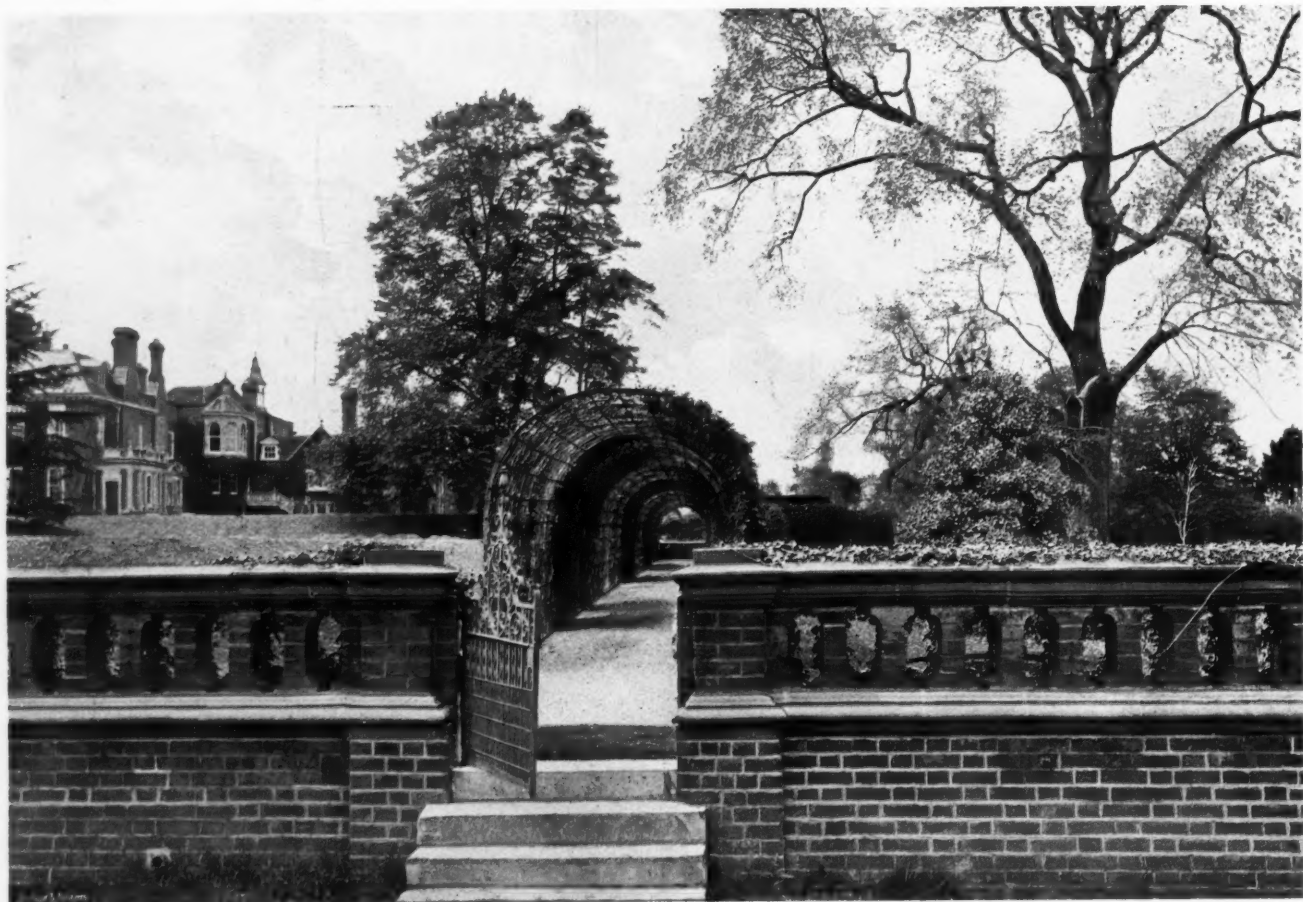




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GARDENS OLD AND NEW.—ALDENHAM HOUSE: THE EAST FRONT.

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FROM THE PARK.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

to Robert Hucks, who had married the daughter and heir of another Henry Coghill, and remained in the Hucks family until 1814, when they became extinct in the male line. The estate then descended to a relative—Miss Noyes—and thence to the Gibbs, as heirs-at-law through the marriage of Antony Gibbs (grandfather of the first Lord Aldenham) with Dorothea Hucks.

The gardens and the character of the estate, as we have previously recorded, are in a sense quite modern. It is difficult to know where to begin in a walk through the gardens and

woodland, which comprise upwards of 200 acres, maintained in high cultivation even in those places usually permitted to run wild and unkempt. We may enter one of three picturesque lodges, and make a start at the Aldenham lodge, about two miles from the station. Turning to the right, a charming copper-covered garden seat is an interesting feature, and a restful view is obtained of the house with its elm avenue and green sward. We follow the broad gravel walk, protected on the right from the park by an ornamental railed brick

palisade, broken about every five yards by piers capped with vases and urns in terra-cotta, and further diversified by outward half-circles of bold effect, and in due time arrive at a large carriage gateway. This leads to the well-planted park and new ornamental lake. We have seen this remarkable lake on two distinct occasions—in the spring, when the gorse bushes dashed the scenery with yellow, and in the autumn, the season of colour from the bold grouping and massing of shrubs and plants by the water margin.

This lake and bold rock-work are amongst the principal features of the modern gardening at Aldenham, and we give hearty praise to Mr. Vicary Gibbs for his strenuous endeavours to create a natural and charming picture. Standing on the bridge with three arches that spans it, we see the pretty boat cave, and turning to the opposite side of the bridge the lake, with its two artfully-designed islands, is presented to view. This modelling, and practically forming a new feature entirely, has been accomplished since 1898, and huge mistakes might have been committed in an alteration so ambitious and extensive. We



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THE WILDERNESS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



understand that no professional landscape gardener's aid has been sought to create this picture, but that it has been the result of the work of the able head-gardener, Mr. E. Beckett, aided by Mr. Vicary Gibbs, whom we rejoice to see, like so many of our landowners of the present day, evincing a practical interest in the garden and woodland. This ornamental lake interested us more deeply for this reason, and we are happy to know that simple grouping has been boldly followed with the finest effects.

We hope the influence of such planting as that seen by this lake will spread through the land. There is an absence of that spotting, irritating sticking of single trees here and there, so conspicuous in many gardens, notwithstanding the lessons that have been preached through good garden books and articles in the horticultural journals. Here are breadths of bulrushes rustling in the autumn winds, golden elder, snowberry, thick with creamy fruit during winter, American blackberries, and the soft silver grey of that beautiful willow, *Salix rosmarinifolia*. It is a quiet scheme of colour, from the dense green of gorse to the graceful willow branches casting a grateful shade over the water surface. No expense has been spared to make this ornamental lake a feature for all time of this well-wooded park, and, though so new, the grouping of shrubby things is toning down the colour of artificial stone, until, in the lapse of time, lake, margins, and island will reveal a quiet, dignified beauty.

It is far from our wish to write a mere description of Aldenham and its gardens. The planting of the estate and its remodelling teach practical lessons, and simple grouping is one



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A GARDEN SEAT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

of the greatest, with, too, an arboretum containing deciduous trees and shrubs as rare as anything in the botanic garden of Kew. We must, however, proceed through the grounds, and approach nearer the house, with its pretty croquet lawn, and at two angles an arched rose walk, while in the opposite corner is the square yew garden, adorned in the centre with a fine example of lead-work—the kneeling slave. Many interesting features may be seen at this point. The rose walk is a cool and fragrant retreat on hot summer days, and appropriately placed near to the garden of bush roses enclosed within a yew hedge. This meeting of yew and rose is full of subtle charm. It was not so in the days of



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THE YEW GARDEN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

long ago, when the landscape gardener was restricted to a few straggling hybrid perennials to scent the breeze; and then the rosery was a place of decay, and as formal as the squares and angles in the parterres. Yew deepens the tea rose tints, bringing out the tender shades, and making a background of colour for the groups of the best kinds planted in beds of simple design. Roses only are planted in the yew garden, and of the best kinds of tea and hybrid tea, the races that have given landscape gardeners rare opportunities of painting pictures of refined and beautiful colour.

In the immediate precincts of the house flowers are massed and grouped everywhere. Colour is laid thickly on the brown earth, and we feel that this indeed is an English home, with its warm red-brick house, pleached alley, and hardy flowers in the borders. In a border by the house are many choice trees, and immediately opposite—when we spent an enjoyable day here in September—a border of sub-tropical plants was remarkable for its effectiveness, by using freely many things to tell their own tale of high decorative importance. For borders of this kind the new *Nicotiana sylvestris* is an acquisition for its leaf and fragrant white tubular flowers, which never hang their heads, like those of the older *N. affinis*, in the hot sunshine.

Near to this gorgeous bordering of exotics is a quiet scene—an orchard garden of apples planted in the grass. We enjoy these old-world gardens in the environs of the house, where the daffodils dapple the grass with flowers, and make pictures of colour with the fruit blossoms enriching the boughs. It is simple and delightful for this reason. In many gardens this form of gardening, imitating the sweet ways of Nature herself, is being carried out with success. But it must be well done, not a mere massing together of a certain number



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THE WEST FRONT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

of daffodils, a muddled-up representation of the flowers distributed in meadow and copse. Simplicity is the charm of wild gardening, scattering the flowers about in drifts and little colonies.

In our next number we shall write more about this beautiful garden.



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TO THE WILDERNESS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

## BOOKS . OF THE . DAY.

THE first two books to be touched upon to-day are memoirs, both of

them of peculiar interest to the readers of COUNTRY LIFE, albeit they are concerned with men who, save in the matter of kindness of nature and goodness of heart, had nothing in common. The first of these men, the fourth Lord Lilford, died full

of years in 1896; the second, best known to his many friends as "Freddie" Tait, and to the world at large as the finest amateur golfer that ever held a club, was barely thirty years of age when a Boer bullet laid him low at Koodoos! erg.

Yet in both volumes there is this trait in common, that they are full of pathos.

The memoir of Lord Lilford, which is merely a preliminary to a more extended life to be written by a distinguished naturalist, is written by his sister, the Hon. Mrs. Drewitt, the wife of one of Lord Lilford's most familiar correspondents, and it is published by Messrs. Smith, Elder, and Co. Ushered into the world with a touching introduction by the Bishop of London, it is addressed primarily "to those who valued my brother's friendship and to whom any record will be welcome for his sake," but none the less it must appeal very strongly to every reader. Here was a man who in boyhood and early manhood was not only full of the joy of life, a high-spirited man, a singer of good songs, genial and kindly beyond measure, much addicted to foreign travel, and a sportsman, but also among the keenest and most acute of ornithologists, a man who really loved the "small fowls"—and for that matter the great ones also. Yet it was ordained in the irony of fate that during the greater part of his life he should be crippled by hereditary gout, and that he should realise over and over again the fatal truth of the saying "Delicta majorum, immeritus lues." But he never was deterred from the indulgence of his ruling passion, even from a bath-chair, and he never repined, and his was indeed, as the Bishop of London says, and as the portrait on the frontispiece clearly shows, "a dignified face, with the marks of suffering upon it, but



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A SIDE WALK.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



lightened by a smile which came from a soul beyond the power of pain."

This is not the place, nor am I the man, to enter upon any scientific estimate of the value of Lord Lilford's contributions to the sum of knowledge concerning ornithology, but it is the place in which to look at the development of a singularly lovable character. Thomas Littleton Powys was a born ornithologist. Rising from his first birching, at the age of five, he observed, "It did not hurt much; there's a brown owl flying by."

At a private school in leafy Warwickshire he was an ardent birds'-nester; during his career at Harrow and at Christ Church his pets were as numerous as those of Frank Buckland at Winchester and at Christ Church. One reads of little bitterns in a locker at Harrow, of a badger kept in college rooms (which occasioned some difficulties with the authorities), of tame snakes which he expected his guests to love as he loved them, of lodgings in Down Street later, where he had two armadillos—"scaly bastes" were they called by the Irish maid-servant—which killed the landlady's cat. One reads, too, of practical jokes of a mild order, and of early manhood devoted to sport and travel and natural history in a manner which makes one's mouth water. Everywhere the ruling passion for birds is with him, especially in Sardinia and in Spain, which he loved so well. In the latter he had the extraordinary distinction of discovering a new mammal, *Lepus Lilfordi*, although the distinct character of the species was not recognised nor was it named until after his death. It is, says Mr. de Winton, "by far the most strikingly coloured member of the genus," and, by its picture, taken from a specimen in the Natural History Museum, it appears to be a beautifully dappled hare, with



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THE LAKE AND ISLANDS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

other inhabitants, we have many glimpses in text and illustrations, the latter mainly from the practised hand of Mr. Thorburn, and there are also some very taking little pen and ink sketches by Dr. Drewitt. Also we have glimpses of Lord Lilford as naturalist, of his close powers of observation, which quite remind one of Gilbert White. "I have seen a woodcock carrying her young one; it was done by the agency of her legs, but I cannot say how. My belief is that they tuck them between the tarsi and the breast." This is but a sample from a letter addressed to Colonel Howard Irby, and that letter is but one of many which make the reader regret not a little that Lord Lilford "had something of an Athenian's sense of distinction between the functions of a gentleman and an author." He himself, better than any man who survived him, could have given to the world a picture of Lilford Hall and its aviaries; another may perhaps succeed better than his dignity and modesty would have permitted in portraying the crippled and gentle man who lived among the birds and marked their ways, whose purse was open to all good causes, whose careful advice was always at the service of those who had his tastes. As it is, let us be thankful to Mrs. Drewitt for the book which we have, and let me extract one letter from it which should be read, marked, learned, and inwardly digested by every young ornithologist.

"To Mervyn Powys at Cambridge.

"London, May 27th, 1886.

"I am very glad to see that you are taking seriously to ornithology. If you take to collecting birds, I hope that you will not attach undue value to specimens because they are killed in the British Islands; this is a most fatal mania, and tends to the destruction of many interesting birds that are only

rare because they are murdered immediately on their arrival. The poor Hoopoe is an instance of this; many are slaughtered on our coasts every year simply for the benefit of the local bird-stuffers, who charge a high price because



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THE BOAT CAVE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

a sparse veil of longer bristles rising from and over the ordinary level of its fur. Of every good scheme for the furtherance of knowledge of natural history Lord Lilford was an ardent supporter, but it must not be supposed that his generosity stopped there. "His correspondence," says the Bishop of London, "had many ramifications, his beneficence was boundless. But in this, as in all else, he was chivalrous as well as wise—he did not like his generosity to be known." But birds and travel were his innocent delights, and it was hard indeed that one blessed with these tastes should have been crippled at an early age. He was, however, of such a spirit as to make the best of the circumstances, cruel as they were. After his death the late Duke of Argyll, that man of many accomplishments, wrote some verses which give so beautiful a picture of the man and his surroundings that one or two of them may be quoted:

"And when from pain, disabling with the years,  
His feet could follow wandering birds no more,  
He came to settle in his English home,  
With friendly wings around him as before.

"Here brooding doves from their deep-shaded  
nests,

And plumed cranes from out the heavenly blue,  
And racing things that run along the sand,  
But keep the ocean ever in their view,

"All watched his coming, and his careful glance  
That searched their forms, and listened to  
their call;

The world of birds was round him to the last,  
In those fair homes he made at Lilford Hall."

Of those fair homes, of vultures, goshawks,  
night herons, pelicans, flamingoes, water-fowl of  
all kinds, hobbies, Greenland falcons, and their



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ALDENHAM HOUSE: THE OAK SEAT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

they are killed in our country. This bird is common in many parts of the Continent, and from a scientific point of view its visits to this country cannot add to its value. I heard rumours many years ago of a bird-stuffer in Cambridge (not Baker) who used to go up to London and buy many of the birds alive in Leadenhall Market that come from Holland, such as Purple Heron, Night Heron, Little Bittern, Spoonbill. This artist used to keep these birds out of sight, kill them one by one, and display them in his shop as having been freshly killed in the neighbourhood of Cambridge, and obtain from the British-bird maniacs something like 150 per cent. on the price he had paid for them. If you mean really to take to ornithology, you cannot do better than constitute Alfred Newton as your Gamaliel, and adopt the fourth edition of Yarrell as your text-book, but I hope that you will extend your interest beyond our shores, and take up, at all events, the birds of Europe. I have never seen the Cambridge Museum, but understand that it is very good—one of the best in England. . . . I think with Yarrell, White of Selborne, and any recent ornithological works in the library in Cambridge, you ought to make a good start, but there is nothing like personal observation in the fields and woods, and let me recommend you to keep notes of what you see and hear, and consider nothing too trivial to jot down. You can at any time see five Great Auk's eggs, to say nothing of a very fine specimen of the bird and a skeleton, at No. 6, Tenterden Street; these are the property of your affectionate, and I hope revered uncle."

Sounder advice no man ever gave to another; and now I pass to a second memoir, Mr. J. L. Low's "Record" of F. G. Tait (Nisbet). The very decoration of the cover, a bundle of clubs, a wreath of laurel, and a claymore, conveys the sad story of the book. It is, as Mr. Andrew Lang says in the introduction, that of a man "of singularly winning nature" who "brought sunshine wherever he came and a reflection of his own constitutional happiness." The whole story is simple and pathetic in the highest degree. To me, who know golf but little, Mr. Lang's picture has the greatest charm.

"He was a young man, a soldier, an athlete, in the fulness of joyous vigour, and I was—at the opposite pole. But, odd as it may seem, I had exactly the same sentiment to Freddie as, when at school, I used to have for a big, kind, football-playing elder kinsboy, if the word may be coined. He was so strong, so good, so jolly, so devoid of conceit, despite his immense popularity, and fame on the Links. It was on the Links at St. Andrews that I generally saw him, and a happy hour it was for many in that wintry little town when we heard that Freddie had come to lighten the murky days of December or January. You saw his broad, sunny smile brightening on you from far away, above his broad shoulders and undandified dress. I stop to gaze across the glooming flats of the sodden Links, and seem to see again him who is now but the brightest of the shadows that haunt this place of many memories. Bruce and Wallace, Culler and grim Covenanters, the frail, wandering ghost of the exiled Henry VI., Knox in his vigour and Knox in his decline, the stern Regent Moray and the harmless Lyon King-at-Arms whom he burned; they are all among our haunting shades, with the Queen in her glad youth, and Chastelard, here condemned to die for her, and her French valet in like case, and the great Cardinal in his glory, and the anxious eyes of Mariotte Ogilvy, and Montrose in his boyhood—a thousand characters of immortal memory, with the same shroud around them all. But he who died in Africa, glad and kind as he was brave till his latest breath—he, too, will not be forgotten; he it is, next to one other, younger, and as brave and kind and good as he, whom I must remember best and long for most."

To others Mr. Low's record, which is of golfing exploits mainly, will perhaps be equally attractive. But through that record shines again and again the face and the character of which Mr. Lang speaks with so much of genuine eloquence.

It gives me sincere pleasure to add the words of a great golfer and a good man of his pen to what I have written of the Tait "Record":

"It is sad work for us who knew him, and, knowing him, could not fail to love him, to read the record of the all too short life of the late Mr. F. G. Tait which has just been done by his faithful friend, Mr. J. L. Low. To all who are golfers Mr. Tait's name is familiar enough, perhaps familiar as no other golfer's name has been. For those who are not golfers and may not know all that his name means to us who did know him, it may be well to say that he was the finest of Scotland's players, lieutenant in the famous regiment the Black Watch, who lost his life in a small affair shortly after the battle of Magersfontein, having previously been wounded, and only just returned to active service. That which made 'Freddie' so great and so well loved a figure in the golfing world was not only that he was so good a golfer, but also that he was so good a fellow. There was something, as we have seen said of him, peculiarly 'gay and gallant' about him. As an opponent he was the most generous, whether in course of the match itself—that tries less sweet tempers almost to the breaking strain—or in consideration of its details afterwards. His was a good and charming personality. The qualities which went to compose it are well placed before us in this book,



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which consists of a record of the young soldier's life, together with letters and his golfing diary. The appreciation in which Mr. Tait was held by his soldiers is brought out by extracts given from their letters home, showing that they regarded him at once as a friend and brother soldier, and as a gallant leader whom they would follow wherever he chose to lead. Mr. Low has done his labour of love, in my judgment, very well. The personality of the young fellows so 'gay and gallant,' and withal possessed of a strength of character that does not always go with these qualities, jumps to eyes that grow moist as they read. A touching thing in the book, which is very fully illustrated with reproductions from photographs, mostly of Mr. Tait in the act of playing various golfing strokes, is a fac-simile of a letter received by him on the field of battle, purporting to be written by his dog, and signed with the inpress of the dog's inky paw laid upon the page. Nails is the name in which the dog rejoices. We may be sure he deserves this designation of pluck and hardness; and in every letter of 'Freddie's' from the war we read that he sends his 'love to Nails.'

"Mr. Low is to be congratulated on the manner in which he has carried out his sad task. The reading of the book will be a pathetic pleasure to the great multitude of the late Mr. Tait's friends. It is a book that has many merits, and amongst them that it is written with no motive of pecuniary recompense, all profits from the sale going to the benefit of the Black Watch Widows' and Orphans' Fund."

It had been my intention to speak of sundry other books, but my space is gone. I must be content to say of the Rev. Hubert D. Astley's "My Birds in Freedom and Captivity" (Dent) that in equipment it is worthy of the

traditions of Aldine House, that its sketches of birds from the hand of the author have a charming quality of sprightliness, which is to be found in its text also. And so I lay down my pen, feeling that I have been dealing with three books which are as wholesome as they are interesting, and that I have been face to face with two men of noble character during all the time of writing.

## WILD . . . HAWKS.

IF a comprehensive record could be kept of all the wild hawks which are annually done to death in the United Kingdom, the total would even now be considerable. Most of these are, of course, shot, but a good many are also caught in traps and gins, and more especially



THE LATE MR. F. G. TAIT AT HOYLAKES.



in that vile instrument the pole-trap, which, to the disgrace of our civilisation, is still allowed to be applied for purposes of torture. Now, although the more ignorant and obstinate of keepers will never be restrained by anything short of legal pains and penalties from thus murdering numbers of such harmless creatures as kestrels, merlins, and hobbies, still, on the other hand, there are landowners—and those in increasing numbers—who regret the threatened extermination of these and other members of the hawk family. Some of them have already issued edicts prohibiting on their estates the slaughter of eagles and falcons. Many more would do so if they knew that, even when they desire to rid themselves of their real or supposed enemies, it could be done by a more merciful and sensible process than that of torturing them to death.

This is especially true with regard to sparrow-hawks, which are still far from being exterminated, but will inevitably perish out of the land in a very few years if nothing is done to save them. There is no great difficulty in capturing a sparrow-hawk, or indeed any other hawk, which is known to have taken up its quarters in a district; and the more the intruder devotes its attention to killing the birds on the estate, the easier it is to effect the capture of it. In the breeding season, when sparrow-hawks, and even very rarely kestrels, will sometimes develop a taste for carrying off the infant pheasants, they can be caught with the greatest ease. Then, instead of slaughtering the bird and nailing the body on a door, the newly-

caught hawk can be disposed of for a fair price to some falconer who is in want of that species of bird. There is a perpetual demand for wild-caught sparrow-hawks, as well as merlins and hobbies, and every keeper who has a mind to earn a few honest shillings in this way may easily find out the name of some willing purchaser. Bird-catchers, moreover, often take in the course of the year a sparrow-hawk or two, and occasionally one of the rarer species named. For the enlightenment of any such persons who may be induced to take this hint, we reproduce here a copy of a circular which has been sent by a modern falconer to his numerous friends, but which deserves to be more widely distributed:

#### DIRECTIONS AS TO CAPTURED HAWKS.

Take carefully out of net or snare, so that the legs are not broken or strained, and none of the big feathers injured. (This is the most difficult part.)

Draw a soft sock right over the head and body of the hawk; and if it seems too loose, stitch it near the tail. (For the big hawks a man's sock, and for the small ones a boy's, should be used.)

Put the hawk, sock and all, in a long-shaped hamper, with plenty of straw.

Attach a label, clearly written, with the address of the person to whom it is to go, and marked LIVE HAWK WITH HASTE, SPECIAL DELIVERY.

Take immediately to nearest railway station, and send off as parcel by first passenger train.

Telegraph to the person to whom the hawk is sent.

## THE GOLDEN EAGLE.

THERE is a general belief that the golden eagle will very soon become extinct in Great Britain, owing to the way in which it is shot and trapped by game preservers.

This is hardly true, as in some of the more desolate and out-of-the-way parts of Scotland the golden eagle is still fairly common and is even on the increase, chiefly owing to its preservation in the deer forests, where it is rarely trapped or shot. We have seen as many as five golden eagles on the wing at once, and in one district we found last spring no less than four nests in an area of ten miles.

The golden eagle generally has its eyrie on a crag, sometimes in a tree, and very occasionally on the ground. Our first illustration is that of a nest on a crag, while our second shows a NEST IN AN OLD SCOTCH FIR TREE. We also give an illustration showing the position of the Scotch fir, and the wild and beautiful



H Cookson. EAGLE'S NEST ON A CRAG.

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Cookson. WHERE EAGLES MAKE THEIR HOME. Copyright

country the golden eagle inhabits. The nest is composed of small branches, heather, etc., and is lined with softer materials, such as dead grass. The same nest is frequently used for several years in succession; when this is the case it becomes an enormous structure and very untidy. In our illustration, an EAGLE'S NEST ON A CRAG (which, by the way, was photographed on a very wet and windy day), the same nest had been used for three or four consecutive years, and had become of enormous size, being about 8ft. high. Sometimes an eagle will nest on the same crag for several years in succession, and for some reason build a new nest each year, perhaps not more than two or three yards from the one of the year before.

The golden eagle is one of our earliest birds to nest, the eggs being laid during March and early April, when the snow is often still on the ground. The eggs, which are generally two in number,

and occasionally three, as seen in one of the illustrations, vary in colour from almost white to a moderately dark reddish brown. The eggs in the nests of the accompanying photographs had a background of a brownish white colour with a few blotches of darker brown scattered over it.

The old birds, while sitting, are fairly tame, and will allow people to approach within 100 yds. or so of their nest before flying away. From the time they begin to sit till the young are fairly well grown is the most dangerous time for the eagle, as the bird-stuffers and collectors, who generally get their specimens at this time of the year, stalk up as near the nest as they can, make a noise or show themselves to put the old bird off the nest, and then shoot her as she flies away. The young birds remain in the nest a long time, and it is generally during July, and sometimes not till the beginning of August, when they leave their home. While the young eagles are in their nest, the old birds have a busy time catching grouse, ptarmigan, and mountain hares, as their young are very voracious, and have a splendid digestion. The golden eagle, unlike the falcon, generally takes its prey on the ground, though occasionally it may take a grouse or ptarmigan on the wing. Sometimes, when out among the hills in the North



H. Cookson.

THE NESTING GROUND.

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of Scotland, you will see some grouse or ptarmigan flying at a terrific speed from one side of a corrie to the other. You will wonder what on earth put them up or makes them fly so far, till you see an old eagle come sailing calmly along; this explains it all. The birds, knowing the eagle only takes them on the ground, and not feeling safe there, fly away in a great fright, and do not settle again till they are out of the eagle's sight. In June, when the young deer are born, eagles will frequently take a

newly-born calf which the old hind has been rather too careless in hiding; indeed, they will sometimes kill a full-grown stag or hind, but not in the same way. The eagle will wait till the deer is on a very steep pass or on the ledge of a precipice, when, seizing its chance, it will swoop down and flap its wings close to the deer, when the terrified animal hurries forward too quickly, loses its foothold, and falls down the rock, when it is either killed or badly injured, and so becomes the prey of the eagle. The eagle is one of those birds which are popularly believed to live to one hundred years of age; whether this is true or not we cannot say, but it is certain that they do live to a great age.

The distribution of the golden eagle is very great. It is found in nearly all the mountainous and in some of the forest regions of Europe, of North Africa, of Asia, right to Kamtschatka, Japan, the Himalayas, and of North America.



H. Cookson.

AN EAGLE'S NEST.

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## MY LOG HOUSE.

I HAD always wondered why the Norwegians, in spite of having, as I am told, plenty of stone in their country, should prefer to build their houses of wood, unless it is that they find the wood equally warm and quite durable enough.

Yet when I proposed to do the same thing, namely, build a log cottage in the North of Scotland, I was laughed to scorn; told that it would be much more expensive in the end; that it would never last; its unfortunate inhabitants would be frozen to death in winter; and sundry other ideas, put forward in the spirit which prompts many people when anything is

proposed contrary to the custom of the country. My answer was that if you are always so terribly afraid of failure you can never expect success; nothing venture, etc. And where, after all, was the risk? The climate of Norway is not so extraordinarily different compared to our own. At Bergen it rains, so the guide-books tell us, for 200 days in the year, and all the houses are of wood. Thus I disposed of their arguments.

A small cottage was wanted on a certain farm. My opportunity had arrived. The house was to be built of logs, under



my supervision, on the distinct understanding that it should be habitable when finished, and should cost the estate less than a stone one.

So I set to work full of zeal. Kind friends, one of them well versed in Norwegian houses, had sent me all possible directions, and every particular as to walls, flooring, and roofing, and one of the woodmen on the place, Peter McKay by name, had been in Manitoba and built log cabins there. Without him, the master builder, with his ingenuity and perseverance, I doubt if my house would have turned out the success it has proved.

The plan I drew of the cottage was extremely simple. There were to be four rooms—a parlour and kitchen, one on each side of the front door, and two attics above. The chimney was to be in the centre, so as to keep all the heat in the middle of the house, and it seemed better also to have it away from the wooden walls. The stairs turned up the side of the chimney at the back of the house. The parlour was to measure 13ft. by 11ft., the kitchen 13ft. by 12ft., the two bedrooms being smaller, as they were to be in the slope of the roof.

I should like to have used larch or spruce, but this could not be spared, so had to content myself with Scotch fir; but they were fine straight trees, sixty-two of them, blown down the winter before and long enough seasoned. They were being sawn into the requisite lengths, ready to be carted to the spot, when I received the contract for the chimney. It was the only mason work required, and was to be made of brick inside the house, and of rough stone when it emerged from the roof.

As to the roof, my mind hankered after the Norwegian plan of wood, birch bark, and turf sods, which eventually make a charming garden, and it is said never let in the wet; but there was the doubt whether the future tenants would ever make up their minds to live happily with a garden on top of them. Some concession had to be made to prejudice, and I consented to slate. Not the ever odious ordinary blue slate—perish the thought—but the old-fashioned rough grey slate quarried in the country, in colour very much like the grey tiles of Northamptonshire. They are heavier and require somewhat stronger joists to support, and in these cheap-and-nasty days are invariably discarded in favour of the ugly modern article. Some old ones were procured, nicely coloured by weather, for the moderate sum of £2, and the slater's estimate, including three skylight windows, came to £9, and for this he agreed to cut and fit together

the slates at the sloping angles of the roof, instead of using ridge stones—a more laborious proceeding, but infinitely nicer to look at.

The house was to be raised 3ft. from the ground, the space below being roughly boarded in, and the lowest logs rested on six solid rocks. At first two men only were employed at the work, their tools being an axe, adze, cross-cut saw, and two cant-hooks for moving the large logs.

No nails were used. The upper and under sides of the logs were slightly cut out with the axe, as it were a very shallow ditch running the whole length, and this groove was padded tight with moss to prevent any possibility of draughts.

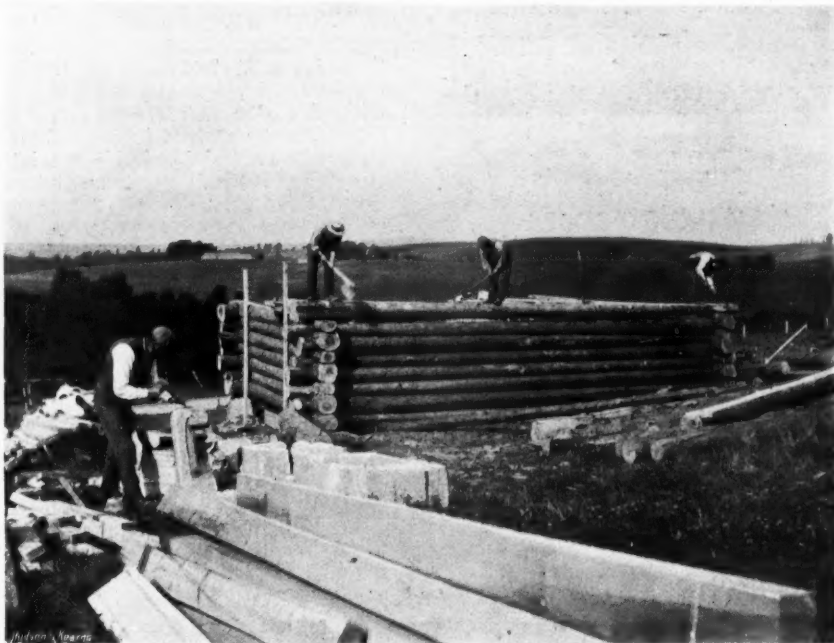
The spaces for the door and windows presented a curious appearance as the walls rose, for where they occurred shorter logs could be used, and some of them projected unevenly over the space, as it was considered better not to cut them the right lengths till the last moment. Where trees are of no value, houses are often built all of long logs, simply a square box, and the doors and windows cut out

afterwards. This tends to strength, but of course entails more labour.

The walls were 8ft. high when an extra man was taken on for a fortnight to help to hoist the logs into position. It was interesting to see the way they rolled them up the sloping wooden supports which leaned against the house, and as the walls rose a platform had to be rigged up halfway to enable them to follow the logs up.

Seventeen days' work completed the walls, which when finished were 11ft. high. Then came the woodwork of the roof, and while the slater was at work the floorings were put in, and the walls and ceilings lined with match-boarding. The eaves of the roof projected well over the walls, and as an extra precaution against the wood rotting I had the ends and notches of the logs all tarred. The woodwork under the eaves was tarred also. The door, staircase, and windows were next put in, and with a rustic porch roofed with the slates the house was finished. The work had been completed in forty-one days.

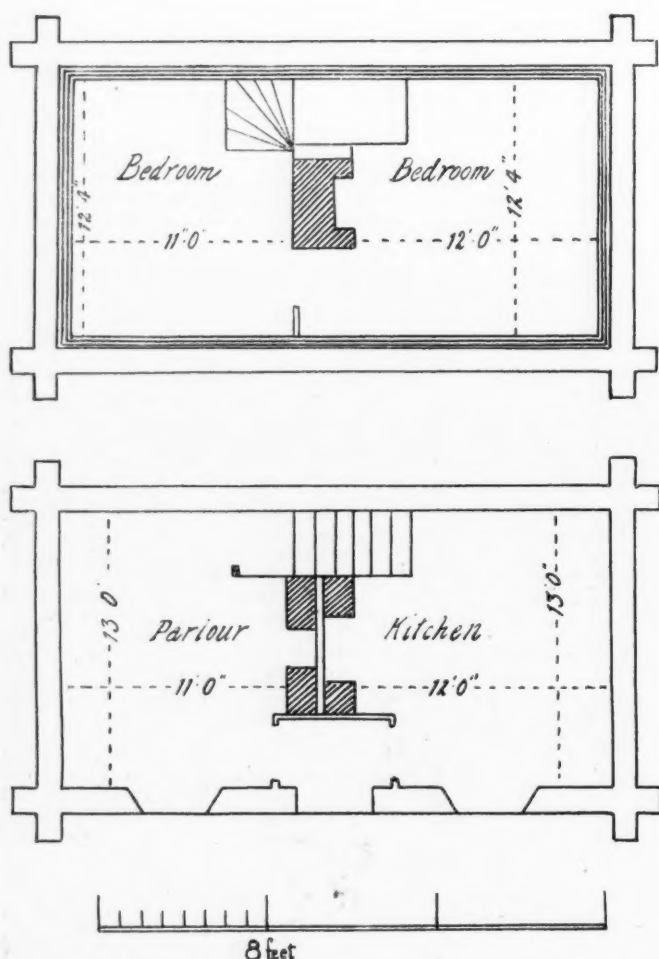
Since building it I am told that, far from being cold in winter, a log house resists frost much better than a stone one. It also takes half the time to build, and when finished can be inhabited at once, as there is no mortar to require drying, all of which facts are answers to the arguments of my opposers; and yet another, of perhaps more weight, especially to landlords—the total cost of the building, exclusive of cartage, is only £80. And there can be no question that a log house



BUILDING THE LOG HOUSE.



THE LOG HOUSE.



is infinitely more picturesque and more in keeping with the scenery, in this part of the country at least, than the jerry-built labourer's cottagewhich so often disfigures an otherwise beautiful country-side.

C. S.-M.

## LIQUID REFRESHMENT.

**A** YEAR or two ago Paris, home of the word bizarre and of much that it conveys, was amused by the story of an intoxicated horse in the Villette quarter. The animal had been dosed with wine by its groom, and subsequently learnt its way to the cellar, where it finally lay helplessly inebriated among the glassy *débris* of its debauch. Yet, on the whole, and under perfectly natural conditions, intoxication is confined to the highest existing mammal, and the lower animals may, with a few admissible exceptions, be broadly defined as "brutes that never get drunk." Some little investigation, however, of the phenomenon of drinking in the animal world, tends to sweep away the barrier between the human aristocracy and its poor relations, and we learn that many Indian bats and humming-birds sip without restraint of the palm-juice collected in cocoanut-shells by the natives, and are, after their wanton indulgence, picked up at the foot of the seductive tree in a helpless state that may fairly be compared with that which is vulgarly known as drunk. Bears and monkeys approach still more closely the human ideal, and trainers and showmen know well their readiness to drink from a bottle. An amusing story, by the way, was once told me by the superintendent of Barnum's Menagerie, to the effect that a favourite bear in his charge stole on one occasion a bottle of whisky and clambered with it into a tree. Bruin then assimilated the contents of the bottle at a gulp and promptly fell to the ground, and bruised himself so badly that never again could he be persuaded to drink from a bottle. A similar case of profiting by adverse experience was once told in the *Field*, a cat having impounded some brandy and milk prescribed for its mistress who lay sick. So ill was the cat, however, that it never again touched the compound, and even fought shy of its milk for a day or two. And here I am prompted to digress for a moment in quest of a reminiscence of remarkable intelligence, not unmixed with the reverse, exhibited by a lurcher that belongs to a friend of mine. It has nothing to do with drink, but as an instance of perverted memory, if I may so term it, is too good to be forgotten, and I know for a fact that the incident has not been recorded. This particular dog had engaged in a fight with a neighbour, a mere friendly bout that removed part of its nose and left the muzzle very much torn. To make matters worse, it persistently worried the sores with its paw, and, as a brilliant

inspiration, my friend bound a piece of rag round the limb, and anointed it generously with mustard. This brought the desired rest to the healing nose, but the dog was now firmly convinced that his leg must be broken, and hobbled on the perfectly sound leg until the bandage was removed. On enquiry I found that the leg had really been hurt at Oxford *three years earlier*, on which occasion a similar bandage had been applied, minus, of course, the condiment. I must apologise for setting down this irrelevant incident of dog memory, only a better opportunity may not be given me, and I am loth to let it go unpublished.

The newest recruits to the great intemperate are the ants and butterflies. There is nothing incongruous in the notion of a butterfly, symbol of giddiness, sipping immoderately of nectar, but the steady, workaday ant gave promise of better things. In mitigation of its failing, however, it must be admitted that the only authentic cases of intoxicated ants are the result of human agency, and Sir John Lubbock's interesting experiments with the creatures artificially induced into this state are too well known to need more than a passing mention. To these I venture to add wasps, though the evidence on this subject is not, so far as I am concerned, quite first hand. Let me explain. I spent a good many hours last August in a model Cornish orchard, wherein there grew magnificent apples that would presently be converted into cider for the refecation of honest yokels in the district. The gardener who used to show me round on these occasions assured me that the wasps were so stupefied by deep potions of apple juice as to be for the time absolutely innocuous. He permitted them to wander unrebuked over his face and to caress his sun-scorched arms, and, knowing my curiosity in matters of natural history, implored me to afford these gentle insects the same accommodation. A suspicion, however, forced itself on me that exposure had left its mark on the honest fellow's skin, and that some at any rate of the reticence of his visitors might be due to an excusable delusion on their part that they were perambulating a brickfield. I therefore, with a shameless indifference to so interesting an experiment in insect forbearance, forbade the alighting of trespassers, and the wasps either kept clear of me or died.

There is another aspect of drinking in the animal world, and, in contradistinction to the tipplers, a word must be said of the equally limited number of total abstainers. In using the expression I include water, as of course the total abstainers in respect of anything more insidious embrace nearly the entire assemblage of living creatures. There appeared not long since in several of the London papers a paragraph purporting to enumerate a number of creatures that never drink. That most of these would drink greedily whenever occasion offered I happened to know at the time, but there was some uncertainty in my mind as to the concluding sentence, which declared that the famous Roquefort cheese is made of the milk of cows and goats that "almost never drink." "Almost never" was indeed a delightful and ingenious piece of trimming, reminding one of the "well, hardly ever" in a still popular comic opera. Even this qualification, however, did not set my doubts at rest, and I learnt from the National School of Agriculture at Grignon, to the principal of which institution I applied for information, that the milk for Roquefort cheese is taken from ewes only, and that they drink as freely as other beasts of the farm. The accuracy of the paragraph in question in this particular is probably a fair criterion of its claim on the reader's attention throughout.

In segregating those animals which drink from those which do not, it is not unimportant to arrive at a broad view of the meaning of drink. If you swallow, for instance, a glass of water, you are unquestionably drinking; but surely you are also, for all practical purposes, drinking when you eat an orange. It is therefore abusing the word to say that desert-dwelling gazelles and antelopes never drink when, as is well known to travellers, they perform without demur journeys of hundreds of miles to partake, at the season of their ripening, of water-melons and other juicy fruits and bulbs. That a certain proportion of moisture is necessary to the well-being of every bird and beast is, I fancy, incontrovertible. True, the moisture may be taken very indirectly. Thus, captive hawks, and presumably, too, those at large, rarely take water. But they may, all the same, derive the requisite moisture from raw flesh. In like manner, the Norwegian elk, unable to get the necessary salt, an indispensable article of consumption with all herbivorous animals, adopts the extraordinary plan of turning carnivorous, and eats an occasional lemming, a small rodent not unlike a rabbit without ears, by way of finding salt in its bones. Salt and moisture may, in fact, be placed on the same basis. All creatures must, directly or indirectly, get both. The herbivorous beasts drink regularly, usually in the evening, and frequent "salt licks" wherever they can find them. The same applies to grain-feeding birds. They resort with unflinching regularity to water of an evening, and they in like manner take salt whenever occasion offers. Both tastes are scrupulously ministered to in menageries, and the pigeons and bustards are given a generous supply of water and have salt mixed with the grit in their cage. The carnivorous beasts, on the other hand, and the birds of prey get



their salt, and much of their moisture, at second hand. Thus the sportsman who lies in ambush at the water's edge for a shot at antelope as the moon is rising, stands an equal chance of encountering any of the local carnivora which come to the trysting-place of weary nature not alone to drink, but rather to pounce on thirsty deer or other pilgrims to the brink. The story of a wild boar quenching its thirst between two tigers in an Indian nullah is, I believe, authentic, and indeed the courage of a boar, above all of a thirsty boar, knows no limits.

In general, then, the insectivorous and raptorial birds drink with far less regularity than those which find their sustenance in grain and fruit. I have somewhere seen that bee-eaters never drink, but I have observed these beautiful birds assembled on the edge of lagoons in Morocco, and they looked very like drinking, though I would not for a moment, on such shadowy evidence as that given by the naked eye at fifty paces, insist on the fact.

Among misjudged abstainers, the ostrich and camel are prominent. Both, it is true, are inured by the severe apprenticeship of a desert life to survive several days of drought, but both will with equal certainty wander far in search of water, and the camel has an internal storage system that has been the theme of much fable and speculation.

It has also been said that snakes drink little or nothing. All that I can, in conclusion, say is that a large python, which I brought from Australia and presented to the Zoological Gardens, drank regularly every night, a performance that was plainly audible to myself, seeing that the reptile occupied a comfortable box beneath my bunk. But for this nightly drinking bout, to the peaceful accompaniment of much contented hissing and rustling against the baize lining of its prison, I would never ask a quieter cabin companion. F. G. AFLALO.

## WILD . . . COUNTRY LIFE. . .

### FLOWERS BEFORE THE FROST.

**J**ANUARY 5TH.—The long-expected frost came last night, and every twig in the hedges looks this morning like an "ornament off a wedding cake." As this puts an end, for the time at least, to the "abnormal mildness of the season"—which has been really abnormal this winter—the occasion is appropriate for enumerating the flowers which were in bloom yesterday in my modest garden. These may be divided under heads, like a sermon. First, of the plants which have continued blooming from the summer, only pansies and stock remained in flower. Secondly, of the summer plants which had bloomed a second time, there was the Crimson Rambler rose. Thirdly, of the hardy annuals which had produced a second generation of self-sown plants in flower, there were cornflower and even marigold. Fourthly, of next year's spring blooms prematurely tempted out, we had many clumps of primroses and a few violets in the shrubbery, many kinds of polyanthus primulas, some forget-me-nots, and some gold-dust alyssum. The list is not a long one, but for early January, on what is supposed to be the bleak East Coast, within a mile of the sea that stretches away to the North Pole, it is something.

### "CAUGHT."

But the worst of it is that all plant life had made premature advances more or less proportionate. Many of the garden bulbs had thrust solid green spikes above the, then, soft warm mould, which now grips them in an iron vice of frost. Many perennial plants were also showing the plump points of next summer's growth. Everywhere the buds on shrub and tree were swollen nigh to bursting, so that many must now have received what gardeners call "a check," and "a check" means more than a mere halt in growth. It would have been much

better for these forward plan's if they had never moved at all, for now they must go further back than the beginning and start again when spring "sets in with its usual severity" later on. This at least is the pessimist view, and every gardener likes to be a pessimist. A gloomy background of prophecy throws his subsequent floral achievements into brighter relief.

### THE SPARROWS' WAR.

The small birds had evidently no premonition of the change of weather, for, on the day before the frost came, the house sparrows seemed to have decided with one accord to settle their matrimonial relations there and then. Never was there such a hubbub round the house of excited hue-and-cry chases in and out of the shrubberies, resulting every two or three minutes in a cluster of sparrows falling through the branches to the ground, all holding on to each other and shouting at the same time, while their friends and neighbours in the trees vociferated advice, like Mrs. Fitzsimmons urging her pugilistic spouse to "jab him in the slats." None of the sparrows ever seem to get seriously "jabbed in



Bullingham.

MISS BRYCE.

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the slats," however, for each of them, when the fight is disentangled, goes off to some roof where he proudly parades his war paint before his admiring wife. With jauntily-drooped wings, flirting tail turned upwards like a half-opened fan, and body feathers fluffed out sideways to any extent, the courting sparrow flattens himself out like a live spatch-cock on the slats, and then simulates a kind of automatic apoplexy, until the echo of another hue-and-cry round the corner reaches his ears, when he is off to see the fuss and be "in it" if he can.

### BIRDS' WEATHER-LORE.

High on a chimney, above the turmoil of quarrelling sparrows, a starling was interspersing the whistle of the curlew in its fizzling song, and away among the evergreens blackbird and thrush were loudly proclaiming their "spheres of influence," while a robin upon the greenhouse and a hedge sparrow above the corner of the privet hedge informed us in strophe and antistrophe exactly whereabouts to look for their nest's when January's promise of spring shall have become April's fulfilment. Perhaps our own English birds jump to unwarranted conclusions about the seasons, because their knowledge of meteorology is strictly

local, for the larger birds of passage often give indications of prescient weather. Certainly on the day before the frost set in vast flocks of fresh peewits and golden plover arrived from somewhere, and the number of hoodie crows seemed to be doubled, while in the dusk of evening we heard the clanging clamour of many wild geese, a sound that had been missing from our country chorus for weeks.

#### THE PEEWIT HOSTS.

Our tame peewit has been strangely restless, too, all day, running about his yard and calling "pee-weet, pee-weet" every few minutes. This may, however, have been due less to any barometric sympathy with his migrant fellow than to the fact that he could see them crossing and recrossing the sky above. For when peewits collect in enormous numbers, covering half a parish of pasture and fallow when they are spread out to feed, they are seldom still. From one side or another an alarm is always being raised, and the whole host is lifted up by the spreading impulse, as one might lift a carpet by the corner. So the air was all day full of rushing wings, and as I passed in the dusk of afternoon along a sunken road it happened that something two fields off alarmed the peewits, and several thousands of them came flying low, on a front of, perhaps, 50 yds., to cross the road. As the front rank topped the hedge they caught sight of the figure below, and at once swerved upward and backward, so that for some seconds there was an almost deafening sound of wings, as the flood of birds rolled back upon itself in perfect order.

#### "ON THE OTHER SIDE."

Writing of the peewit's power of flight last week I described how one, pursued by a hen sparrow-hawk along a hedgerow, managed always to have the hedge between them, and if you want to see an equally high development of the art of keeping "on the other side," you should spend a little time, as I did this morning, trying to watch a tree creeper. I wanted to see what food the bird found in frosty weather, and as it began upon the trunk of a large tree within a few feet of my head, you might think that I had a good opportunity. Unfortunately, the solid trunk occupied most of those few feet, so I went cautiously round it, and, as I peeped round one side, I just saw the creeper's tail disappearing round the other. Round and round we went, the bird in a spiral up the tree and I in a circle at the foot, and when it had reached the top of the tree and I had cricked my neck in trying to watch it, it flew off with the cheery needle-note that is seldom silent, and plastered itself like a dab of mud on the trunk of the next tree a few feet from the ground and quickly slipped round—to the other side.



## AT THE THEATRE

WHAT a pity it is that theatrical business is regulated in the West End of London by an iron-bound conservatism, which no influence is allowed to control. The half-guinea stall, strange as it may seem,

has been the death of a large number of promising enterprises. The half-guinea stall endangers the hopes of success of all such little things as "The Thirty Thieves" at Terry's Theatre. If for the same price one can see productions on the magnificent scale of Daly's, the Gaiety, and the Lyric Theatres, why should the public go to the humbler entertainments of the same kind? Yet, were playhouses divided into Class A and Class B, "The Thirty Thieves," at prices about half of those charged at the larger theatres, should be a safe and assured success.

Mr. Risque's libretto is so bright and original, Mr. Edward Jones's music is so light and tuneful, the company includes several people so charming and clever, that it is a pity so much that is promising should be jeopardised because the entertainment will be judged by the half-guinea standard of Daly's or the Gaiety. It is impossible to be spectacular on the band-box stage of Terry's; it is impossible to have a chorus of more than a dozen or so; it is impossible for there to be the glow and the glitter of a "San Toy" or "The Messenger Boy." But a shilling pit and five-shilling stalls would change the point of view. We would go and enjoy "The Thirty Thieves" on its own plane as a lively little musical piece which attempted nothing ambitious. There would no longer be the danger of those odious comparisons with more gorgeous and ambitious rivals.

Yes, it really is a great pity, for on its merits, spectacle apart, "The Thirty Thieves" is a good deal cleverer than many of the magnificent musical productions which become so popular, primarily because they are so splendid. There are real wit and

#### A MADDENING SQUIRREL.

All creatures that climb trees, such as wild cats, squirrels, and woodpeckers, practise this art of keeping "on the other side," but the common little grey squirrel of India is its past-master. One might almost think that the five whitish stripes down its back are the marks of the fingers of centuries of mankind who have "very nearly" caught the squirrel, and would have done so easily, if it had not just managed to get to "the other side." It drives English fox-terriers simply frantic, feeding out in the middle of the road until the very last fraction of a second, and then bolting, in an agony of high-pitched exclamations, for the nearest tree. Round the foot of this he slips just half an inch in front of the dog's nose, and as soon as the latter can pull up and get back to the tree, he finds the squirrel hanging to the bark head downwards just out of reach and coughing at him angrily. It is then that the dog goes mad.

#### THE TERRIER'S DISCOVERY.

I only knew one terrier who mastered this trick of the grey squirrel, and she used to kill numbers of them afterwards. One day a squirrel bolted for two trees growing close together, and at the last moment swerved from one to the other. The terrier, unable to check herself, struck the first tree and rebounded against the other, at the same moment that the squirrel dashed round the trunk straight into her mouth. After this that terrier, whenever it chased a squirrel, always swerved to the wrong side of the tree, and as often as not was just able to snatch off the squirrel as it passed. No one whom I ever met in India knew any other dog that had learned this trick, and none of her companions picked it up from her, facts which seem to show that the intelligence of a dog is not of a high order after all.

#### DOGS AND DOORS.

Sir Herbert Maxwell has lately quoted the case of another dog which accidentally opened a gate by raising the latch, and continued to do so afterwards; but he goes too far in denying that dogs can sometimes arrive at the same result by the use of intelligence. We have now a terrier which constantly opens the kitchen door by jumping up at the latch; but he could hardly have learned the trick by accident, because he was never known to jump up at any of the other doors in the house, scratching instead at the bottom of the door where he sees it open when he hears footsteps inside. At the kitchen door, on the other hand, the moving latch must have attracted his eye when his scratching brought someone to the door, so now he jumps up and moves the latch for himself. In this case there is, I think, a fair presumption of intelligent initiative.

E. K. R.

humour in Mr. Risque's lines; skill and point in his lyrics; one is never offended by faulty grammar, false rhymes, slipshod workmanship. One is titillated by many a little flash of genuine fun. One is enlivened by the music, pleased by

the actors and the singers. One sees thought and care in the stage management. Yet there is grave danger of it all coming to naught, because there is not a chorus and ballet of a hundred, dresses by Worth or thereabouts, stage scenery of surpassing beauty—the right and proper adjuncts of the half-guinea stall.

"The Thirty Thieves" is a variant of "The Forty Thieves." It is the old story treated afresh—half burlesque, half extravaganza. The scene is laid in Nowhere, there is a mediæval Lord Mayor and a band of gentlemen thieves, who take this method of "getting their own back" from the ancient Stock Exchange speculators who have robbed them. So a moral twist is given to the thing. There is a serving wench with the manners of a dainty princess, who is loved by the Mayor, by the Captain of the casuistical banditti, by the woodcutter's son who is a Ganem in another guise. It is all very smart and amusing, if at first a little long.

There are bright songs in plenty, some of them having the inestimable advantage of being sung by Miss Florence Perry, an artist to her finger-tips, a fascinating little lady from the Savoy who enters into the wilder humours of burlesque with infinite zest, who sings and acts with a demure gaiety which is most refreshing; and by Mr. Dagnall, a real humorist, with a clean-cut method and ripe experience, a keen observation and a power for the expression of character. If that fine actor, Mr. Charles Groves—whom one is almost sorry to see kicking and dancing after his little masterpieces in comedy, in spite of the fact that one knows he is merely returning to an early love—is not quite in his element in this style of thing on





such a small scale; at least one watches the genuine acting of a finished actor, who puts all his soul into his work, although he must feel that it is beneath him. We know that an actor should be able to do anything on the stage, but one would not like to see Sir Henry Irving in a harlequinade. Mr. Aubrey Fitzgerald's humour is of the painstaking kind, but it is not without ludicrous effect, and he, too, is most praiseworthy conscientious. Mr. Sidney Howard gives to the part of the Captain a certain distinction. Miss Pattie Browne is not well-placed in a singing part, nor Mr. W. R. Shirley. There is a capable chorus, brightly attired, to fill out the tiny picture. But the magnet of the whole thing is Miss Perry. She is quite worthy of the half-guinea stall.

THE same merits and the same faults characterised the performance of "The Taming of the Shrew," by Mr. Benson and his company at the Comedy Theatre, as those which were to be seen in the representation of "The Merry Wives of Windsor." There were the same whole-souled earnestness, joviality, thoroughness, familiarity with the text and excellent touches of by-play; there were the same clowning, interpolated exclamations, modernity of spirit. Their familiarity with the text has the drawback of the breeding of a certain amount of contempt. Modernity of spirit is good when it means a disappearance of rant and an access of naturalness, but it must be kept in bounds in blank-verse. And Mr. Benson's mispronunciation of words is sometimes quite extraordinary; the false values he gives to certain vowel sounds can only be excused on the assumption that he suffers from a physical impediment of speech. It would be as well if we were informed of this, for then we should cease to blame him. He is often a little too boisterous, also, for Shakespeare, even Shakespearian farce, and too anxious to gain laughter by injudicious means. Nevertheless, there is much that is very praiseworthy in his acting of these farcical heroes of Shakespeare, to which he is more fitted by his manner of speech, though possibly not by temperament, than to the more heroic figures. If Mr. Benson is really actuated by the high artistic ideals he claims, he will permit Mr. Rodney to assume the principal parts in some of the more serious works in his repertoire. But in these lighter characters, he is natural, humorous, and gives us many clever little touches.

Mr. Rodney is always admirable, picturesque, and attractive. He has a good voice and presence, earnestness, the "manner." As Lucentio he could hardly be improved upon. Mr. Lyall Swete, another most excellent actor, pleased once again in an artistically restrained study of the old fop, Gremio; Mr. Oscar Asche, whom one can nearly always praise, was a capital Biondello; Miss Lilian Braithwaite was a charming Bianca; one wishes greater opportunities were sometimes provided for her. Mr. Weir's Grumio, for a wonder, lacked individuality. Mrs. Benson has not the strength or the skill for such a character as Katharina.

There are other most capable actors in the company, which, as an organisation, one is able to welcome most heartily for the good work it is doing, for its conscientious, careful, and complete representations of the classic drama. With all its faults, we must recognise its value, and thank Mr. Benson for it. He stages the plays more than adequately; he engages very clever and interesting actors; he works hard and continuously. So great are his opportunities for elevating the stage, that we beg of him not to overweight himself and Mrs. Benson by always choosing for himself and for her the leading figures in the plays in his repertoire. Then he will be able to claim with justice that in his artistic endeavour there is no taint of vanity.

ON the 19th of this month we shall welcome back to London Miss Julia Neilson and Mr. Fred Terry, who will bring to the Globe Theatre that "Sweet Nell of Old Drury" which started so auspiciously last summer at the Haymarket, and has been enjoying a remarkably successful provincial tour ever since. Mr. Abingdon will join the cast, but that will be the only change of importance. The success of "Sweet Nell" establishes Miss Neilson and Mr. Terry as managers, and we welcome them heartily. We want new managers, with fresh ideas. Of course, the serious question for them is, Where is our theatre? It is improbable that they will remain satisfied permanently with the Globe. It is hardly spacious enough for that class of play with which their style associates them. They will want to do bold, broad things; there must be "bigness" in their productions; they would be dwarfed at the Globe. This is all necessarily a matter of opinion, and they may think otherwise.

Mr. Arthur Bourchier intends to give us a most interesting revival, with a more than usually attractive cast, at the Garrick Theatre, of "Peril," that fine old play, which is yet not sufficiently old to be out-of-date. It will come at the right time. We want the play of action, of intrigue, the play of matter as well as manner. We want manner, too, but as an accessory, not as the main support. "Peril" is a play of situation, of story, of crescendo movement, culminating in climaxes. It is one of those "well-made" plays which are the red rags to the superior critical bulls. For all the good work these advanced critics have been partly instrumental in bringing about we should be deeply grateful. They have aided materially in ridding the stage of ridiculous convention, of the impossibly heroic hero and the abysmally villainous villain. But now they, too, have got into a



Ellis and Watery.

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MR CYRIL MAUDE AND MISS SYBIL CARLISLE.

rut; they have become conventional in their own way; they have gone too far in the opposite direction; they would render the drama anemic; anything which is exciting and dramatic to them is bad; they would confine the stage to studies of temperament and psychology. Once again, the right course is the middle course; the goal should be blessed compromise. The theatre must be theatrical. Absence of heroics and the unusual may be very true to life; but the commonplace is not simply because it is true to life, therefore the only thing to be shown on the stage. It is the unusual things which we want to see. All we should urge is that they should be presented artistically, with restraint, with an absence of fustian. We want a skilful mixture of the drama which would please equally Mr. William Archer and Mr. Clement Scott.

The delightful "Second in Command" continues to share with "Mrs. Dane's Defence" the honour of being the greatest success in town. Captain Marshall's play at the Haymarket is just one of those plays for which we have been waiting—clean, bright, amusing, with a story and no "problem." It has the further advantage of providing Mr. Cyril Maude with a part which "fits him like a glove," in which pathos and humour are most happily blended. Miss Sybil Carlisle is a delightfully natural and pretty heroine, and, of course, the other members of the company maintain the excellence to which we paid tribute when commenting upon the first performance.

PHEBUS.



EVERY morning about this period of the year the hunting man looks at his daily paper with a certain amount of dread. Is the Master of the pack he hunts with going to resign? Or there may have been rumours of this flying about, and he may see them contradicted. This is a relief. Yet, after all, it is the contradicted which often happens.

However, I have the best authority for saying that Captain Burnshartopp has at present no thought of resigning. I imagine that the rumour arose because the doctors thought it well to operate again last week. But the operation was successful, and was borne well, so that all looks brighter. Then the North Warwickshire have settled their temporary difficulty by the definite election of Mr. Arkwright as sole Master, Lord Algernon Percy retiring altogether. The Cotswold packs will require new Masters next season, as Mr. Rushout and Captain Stacey are both retiring. Both are attractive countries to live in as well as to hunt over, and I could wish no better fate than to be Master of either.

Everything will be dated at Melton for some time as happening before or after the flood. I have known the good town for some years, but never did I see it in such a state. To go hunting on Monday was a

matter of impossibility for some, and of difficulty for all. I am afraid the loss ensuing will be very considerable, for the water rose so suddenly. Then, as doubtless you have seen in the paper, the Quorn hounds had a narrow escape of drowning near Loughborough. To add to all this misery, in spite of the wet ground and open weather, neither the Quorn nor the Belvoir have had much sport. Of Gaddesby I have little to say; there was a fog in the morning, which just lifted sufficiently to make it possible to go. There was very little scent, and the going was as deep as I have ever seen it in Leicestershire. There we pride ourselves on going on the top of the ground. If the fences are big, we say we take off turf like a spring board. Jump out of a slough like that? No, thank you. So we found a fox in Ashby Pastures. The neighbourhood is well gated, and it is not far to Thorpe Trussells. Thence to Great Dalby, more plodding and splashing, more gates, and Gartree Hill. From Gartree on to Cream Gorse, and lost him at Brooksby. Now, I appeal to anyone who has ridden in Leicestershire if there were not the makings of a great run here. But it certainly was not one; yet it was well worked out by the huntsman and the pack. A good hunting run, especially that part which came after Gartree Hill and included a ride over the Burton Flats.

Lady Warwick is back at Kirly Hall, and the Duchess of Newcastle has come to stay with her mother at Somerby again. Lord and Lady Henry Bentinck are said to have arrived at Langham, but I have not seen them out so far. Mr. Foxhall Keene has stabling at Melton, and someone told me they had seen his horses come in. The only people who are in luck are Mr. Bertie Sheriffe and Miss Muriel Vickers, who have not lost much by being married at this time. Miss Cassel, who was married to Mr. Ashley, will possibly not be seen so much at Melton.

The Atherstone, putting Mr. Fernie's on one side, which I have not seen this week, have had quite as good sport as anyone. I think I told you last week of that racing twenty-two minutes from Bryanston; if I did not do so, I apologise. Since luck never comes alone, the following day they were in the Saturday country, which is a district of big woods, small fields, and coal pits. This is not a favourite country, naturally, for it is rough and does not always carry a scent. Waters Wood held a stout, bold fox, and hounds drove him through the covert at a good pace. A fox hard pressed generally runs straight till he feels the pressure of the pace. The woodlands did not seem to stop hounds, and they sang away merrily in covert, and held their followers to the line. Then came the almost inevitable fresh fox, and hounds divided. When

Brown Tugby and Skeffington Woods, and back to the starting-point. Then away again as far as Brown's Wood, and thence to the open. A good gallop right up to and through Owston Wood and as far as Prior's Coppice. What a fatal thing it is to think that because you have spent the morning in the woodlands you can indulge in a cigar and a discussion about Army reform. The result will be that when the real gallop takes place you will be miles behind; you cannot make up lost ground with the country in its present state.

Those people who chose Mr. Fernie's meet at Great Stretton were better off than those who went to Gaddesby, also they were fewer. What was fog on the



Photo.

THE COTTESMORE: AT LEESTHORPE CROSS ROADS.

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slopes at Gaddesby was a harmless mist at Stretton. The account which reached me speaks of a bad fox in the Stoughton and Evington district in the morning. I should be inclined to think from my knowledge of the country that this is nearly always very moderate scenting ground. Thurnby Gorse is a favourite covert of mine; you can see it drawn, and the not too near neighbourhood of Scraftoft Gorse draws foxes out. But let the man who saw the run tell of it. "Two foxes, four holloas, and a dog. 'Confound all men wot hollers and all dog wot hounds' is what Mr. Jorrocks would have said if he had been there. One fox was daunted by this mischance, but the bolder one persisted, and on the next attempt broke on the Scraftoft side. Hounds settled to run almost at once, and we thought of the owner of Scraftoft, a Master of the Quorn, to whose

ears the melody of the chase might well have come as we ran towards Keyham. Mr. Fernie's hounds have now such a way of getting 'forrard,' and the Keyham and Hungarton country is so intricate, that our full attention was needed. Horses, if they are working a bit light, are full of condition. There is the blue-grey mound of the Coplow, and here is a wide ditch, at which my mare dropped short and put me down, but hounds seemed to me, as I toiled on, to be running past Quenby Hall. The mare, however, was lame, and I turned for home as soon as I struck the road. A very nice gallop so far as I saw it."

Now for furrow. I think the so-called provinces have had the best of it this last week. I do not fancy that the Badminton have had the best of luck up to now, and the Duke has been laid up with gout, but the hounds had been out over one hundred times up to Christmas. Truly Badminton traditions are well kept up to-day. The Duke, carrying the horn himself, had a very long draw from Lower Woods. Men and women began to weary, and but few of the wearers of buff and blue saw a stout fox break in Badminton Park. Scent had improved by this time, and the dog hounds flung themselves on the line with a crash of music, which dropped to a murmur as

they fairly settled down to run. It was a grand sight to see them topping the stone walls and scouring away without a moment's pause as they reached the far side. Mr. Jack Martin, our hunting doctor from Sodbury, and one lady were among the few really with hounds. The road favoured the others.

I see that some attempt has been made to make capital out of the death of a stag near Wokingham. If any blame there is, it rests not with the hunt servants or the sport, but with the railway officials who swung a gate to in the face of the hunt servants when doing their best to take their stag, which they would undoubtedly have done but for this action. To have concealed this



Photo.

THE QUORN: ASFORDBY.

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Whitemore once had his pack reunited it was the fresh fox they were hunting, and on the new line they ran with renewed venom, but lost him at last. On Monday they were stopped by floods.

On Tuesday the Cottesmore were at Loddington Redditch, snow on the ground churning into the sticky splash which belongs to the Loddington district. It did not seem to occur to anybody to stay away because of the snow, and everybody was there who might be expected to be out. There was a curious and very interesting hunt, in which probably two foxes took part. In the morning there was a rather ringing woodland hunt from the Redditch, through



fact in telling the story does not speak well for the candour of those who grudge sports in which they cannot share.

I regret to have to tell of the death of Mrs. Tailby, the wife of Mr. W. W. Tailby, whose hunting career is one of the most famous of the past century.

The York and Ainsty Hunt have unanimously resolved to present Mr. Lycett Green with a testimonial. When it is recollected that Mr. Green has been Master for fifteen seasons, and that he has grappled with and stamped out one of the worst outbreaks of mange ever known in Yorkshire, his claims on the gratitude of the members of the York and Ainsty will be understood.

Admirers of that excellent little hound the Basset will be interested to hear of the sport shown by the Dallam Town's pack. Mr. Bromley-Wilson is Master and huntsman, and the pack, meeting on Boxing Day, fairly ran their followers to a standstill. This is the third pack of Bassets of which I know, but there may of course be more.

It was on account of a fox who had taken up his quarters within touch of town life and temptations that the Essex and Suffolk Foxhounds met at the Goldrood, Ipswich, the residence of Mr. William Pretty. If the sport Reynard afterwards provided was not of the highest quality, the meet itself was highly popular, and was greatly enjoyed by large numbers. X.



Photo.

A FERNIE RUNNER.

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## ON THE GREEN.

YOU never quite "know where you are," in the cant phrase, with golf links until you have had a deal of first-class play going on upon them for some time. This, curiously enough, has never been the case with the Sandwich links, although they are so famous and so many big competitions have been held there. But it is not the occasional big competition, but constant play on the part of residents, that takes the measure of a green exactly. There are not a great many resident golfers at Sandwich. Most of the players are visitors, who stay for a few days and go again. Neither, until very lately, has the club had a first-class player as its resident professional. That is changed now. Tom Vardon has gone there. Tom is not Harry, but he is just about as good. One can see little difference between them, except that one wins the big events and the other does not. There seems no particular reason, as one watches the game, that it should be so, and Tom Vardon has at once set to work to show what the ordinary course at Sandwich (not speaking of the championship course) can be done in. He has been round in seventy-two, although he has only been in residence a few weeks, and this is less by two strokes, we believe, than any score hitherto recorded there.

Taylor had a seventy-five, and Mr. Eric Hambro, in his match in the Amateur Championship last year against Mr. Harold Finch Hatton, was round in seventy-four, which was the record score (match score, not competition record) until Vardon's seventy-two; but these scores of Taylor and Mr. Hambro were made on a stretched out course. Vardon's seventy-two cannot fairly be put in comparison with them; but it is worth recording as a standard of what the course may be done in by a first-class player playing constantly, and at length having that combination of perfect play and good luck which are essential to a remarkable score. We shall expect to hear before long of Vardon's lowering even this low record.

Harry Vardon, we hear, is back in England again, though we understand that he is paying a flying visit only. He might, however, take the opportunity to have some further explanation with Bernard Nicholls about the latter's double victory over him. If a meeting were to be arranged between them here, it

would be very interesting. At present Nicholls's work in this country has not enlightened us at all as to how he beat Vardon. He beat Paxton too easily, and was beaten by Braid too easily, for either match to be considered any true test, to say nothing of the fact that the latter was played in a fog, as well as on a strange green.

Some of the papers, both here and in the United States, have been speculating on the financial value of Vardon's American trip to him, the conjectures varying in estimate from £20,000 to £4,000. Either figure is a comfortably round one, and it may be a pretty matter for calculation whether the emoluments of a Prime Minister or of a champion golfer are to be rated the higher. There is this to be said, that in the nature of things there must always be a Prime Minister, while there is no guarantee that we shall always have a Harry Vardon.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### RIDING DOWN A WOLF.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE,"]

SIR,—I must disclaim the honour ascribed to me in your issue of December 22nd of having ridden down a wolf. So far as I am aware, the feat has never been accomplished—except, perhaps, in the case of a gorged or injured animal. The one that I presented to the Zoo was procured by me as a cub, and was so tame that it followed me with my dogs, and used to accompany me to the club at Peshawar, where it was petted and fed with cakes, etc. Many years ago I presented two Tibetan black wolves to the Zoo. This species, or variety, is not mentioned in your article. Allow me to dissent from the opinion expressed in your article on "Pig-sticking," that the wounds inflicted by a wild boar are of a poisonous nature. The wild pig is a clean feeder, and his tushes cut like razors. Unless, therefore, an artery is severed, or some other vital organ injured, wounds usually heal up very quickly. I can speak with authority, having had, perhaps, unrivalled experience in my own person.—ALEXANDER A. A. KINLOCH, Major-General.

[The articles were from two separate correspondents, who may have something to say.—Ed.]

### LANDSEER'S STAGS' HEADS.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—Mr. Baillie-Grohman is a high authority; but, in deference to the memory of Sir Edwin Landseer, will you permit me to demur to Mr. Baillie-Grohman's statement that Landseer's Highland deer "are, almost invariably, the bearers of trophies of an exaggerated size, such as never grace the muckle harts of that region"? If for "never" were substituted "seldom," the latter part of this statement would be accurate. But even now, and far more frequently in Landseer's time, Highland red deer are found with heads as fine as the largest painted by him; and surely it was permissible for the artist in executing such pictures as "The Monarch of the Glen," "The Challenge," and so on, to choose his subjects from the best of their kind. In the collection formed by my uncle, the late Captain Horatio Ross, and continued by his son Edward,



S. Haggard.

A MEET AT THE GOLDRUOD, IPSWICH.

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are many heads as fine as any in Landseer's pictures; and the same is, I believe, true of the collections at Mar, Invermark, and many other places. A number of these great heads are drawn in Mr. Millais's recent work on "Horns," and notwithstanding the mischief wrought by the "long inbreeding and shelterless uplands" to which Mr. Baillie-Grohman refers (he might have added, modern rifles and spy-glasses, and the practice of letting forests by the year), there are still, occasionally, as noble trophies to be obtained in the Scotch deer forests. Only this season I saw in Inverness, a head sent in from Inverinate, of as goodly proportions as the finest antlered deer in any of Landseer's pictures.—C. C. MACRAE.

#### PLANTS FOR AN UNHEATED GREENHOUSE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I want to ask you for information which I feel sure will interest other readers of your charming journal besides myself, that is, for a list of the things that will succeed in quite an unheated greenhouse, without even the conventional oil stove. So many possess an unheated greenhouse and try to grow in it the conventional things, geraniums and so forth, which must have artificial warmth to keep them alive in winter. If you could oblige me, please do so. I am tired of growing the things that are unsuitable; it is disheartening and expensive. I feel sure that there must be good plants that are scarcely hardly enough to stand the winter out of doors, but sufficiently so for an unheated house.—E. M. T.

[Yes, many plants will succeed in this structure, and in truth it is foolish to attempt the growth of exotics when only an oil stove is available to help them through the winter. The things mentioned will succeed without any heat whatever. This list has been prepared by one who has had great experience with a quite cold greenhouse. Of shrubs the kinds recommended are the dwarf almond, a pretty pink flower, botanically called *Amygdalus nanus*, the beautiful Ghent and Mollis azaleas, the rich orange coloured *Berberis Darwini*, camellias, not forgetting the lesser-known *C. Sasanqua*, the Mexican orange-flower (*Choisya ternata*)—this is a very sweetly-scented white flower and the leaves are of fresh green colour, a delightful thing to cut and put into wide bowls; the *cistus* (*C. lusitanicus*), *Coronilla glauca*, *Cytisus filipes*, a white-flowered *cytissus* of much charm, the common mezeorum of cottage gardens, *Daphne mezereum*, *Deutzia gracilis*, *D. Lemoinei*, *fuchsia* *Mme. Cornellison*, an old garden variety, frequently planted in the parks. Use may be made of such heaths as *Erica herbacea* and *E. mediterranea*, also the hydrangeas, which are excellent for the purpose. Besides the familiar *H. Hortensia* or *Hortensis*, Thomas Hogg is as good as any. This is a long list, but other things recommended are *Hypericum moserianum*, the pretty *H. patulum*, both *St. John's Worts*, *Magnolia conspicua*, and the early-flowering *sellata*, myrtle (small-leaved variety), the nerium (better known as oleander), the much-berried *pernettya*, about which a note recently appeared in *COUNTRY LIFE*, and such beautiful plants (potted or planted out), as the double Chinese plum (*Prunus sinensis* fl.-pl.), *P. davidiana*, and *P. triloba*, which has quite double rose flowers. *Rhododendrons* are excellent, especially *R. dahuricum*, *Early Gem*, *ignescens*, *Nobleanum*, and *præcox*. *Veronica Andersoni*, *V. speciosum* and its varieties, especially *Diamante* and the deep blue one, are very beautiful in pots, and quite easy to manage. We like also the *laurustinus* (*Viturnum Tinus*) for this purpose. With regard to climbers, choose from amongst *Akebia quinata*, the winter-flowering *clematis calycina*, and *clematises* of the patens type, the Japanese hop (*Humulus japonicus*), *Mina lobata*, *Smilax aspera*, *Solanum jasminoides*, and such roses as *Maréchal Niel*, *Celine Forestier*, and *Lamarque*. Bulbous and tuberous flowers will form a strong feature, and they are so easily grown. Choose from amongst the following kinds: *Allium neapolitanum* the beautiful wind-flowers, *Anemone apennina*, *A. Blanda*, *A. coronaria*, (*Poppy Anemone*), *A. fulgens* (scarlet wind-flower), *Anthericum liliatum*, *Anomatheca cruenta*, the pretty little glory of the snow (*Chionodoxa*), *Lucilia*, and the deep blue *C. sardensis*, *Crinum Powelli*, *Crocus Imperati*, and others; the hardy cyclamens *colum*, *europæum*, *hederaceum*, and *vernum*, *Erythronium dens-canis* (dog's-tooth violet), the chequered fritillary (*Fritillaria meleagris*) and its white variety *alba*, *pallidiflora*, and *pudica*, *Funkia grandiflora* and *F. Sieboldi*, two noble plants for their foliage, *Galtonia candicans*, *Gladiolus ranunculus* section, the *G. Colvillei* the *Bride*, *hyacinths*, *Iris alata*, *I. reticulata*, the purple-coloured violet-scented iris of winter, *I. stylosa* and *I. tiberosa*, Spanish irises, *joniels*, lilies—*candidum*, *davuricum*, *speciosum*, *tigrinum*, etc., lily of the valley, the white grape hyacinth (*Muscari botryoides album*), *milla uniflora*, *daffodils*, not forgetting the hoop petticoat section (*Narcissus bulbocodium*, *citrina*, *monophylla*, and *triandrus*), *Ornithogalum nutans*, winter *gladiolus* (*Schizostylis coccinea*), Spanish *scilla* (*S. hispanica*) and *S. sibirica*, and the graceful little satin-flower (*Sisyrinchium grandiflorum*), the smaller tulips, *T. Clusiana*, *fragens*, *retroflexa*, and the ordinary florists' varieties. Many foliage plants are available, we mean plants of value for their leaf only, as *Aralia japonica*, *aucubas*, fan palms, the eucalyptus (*E. globulus*), *Eulalia japonica* and its pretty variety *albo-lineatus*, small variegated ivies, large-leave lily myrtle, and the fern-like *Thalictrum adiantifolium*. Amongst miscellaneous pot plants do not forget the Canterbury bells, *C. isophylla* and *C. fragilis*, which are quite easily grown, the *Marguerite* carnations, the lyre-flower or bleeding heart (*Dielytra spectabilis*), maiden's wreath (*Francoa ramosa* and *F. appendiculata*); Christmas rose, the linums (flaxes), *L. monogynum* and *L. narbonneuse*, musk, pinks, dwarf phloxes (*P. amœna*, *divaricata*, and *subulata* varieties), the primulas, especially *P. denticulata*, *P. japonica*, *P. Sieboldi*, and *P. verticillata*. These should be amongst the first things grown. Also very attractive when in bloom are the saxifragas, and *S. Cotyledon*, *Fortunei*, and *sarmentosa* are very useful for this purpose. Then grow intermediate stocks, and in pots for early spring the following roses: Common China, *Cramoie Superieure*, *Mme. Eugene Rêsal*, *Mme. Laurette Messimy*, *Fabvier*, and the *Polyantha* roses, *Perle d'Or*, and *Gloire des Polyanthas*. We have given you a long list, but it has been compiled with care, and nothing mentioned that will not succeed with reasonable treatment.—ED.]

#### THE SALMON AND THE FLY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I see you often have enquiries and conjectures in your notes, articles, and letters about different points in the life, history, and the general disposition of the salmon. I think the following is curious, and may throw light on the subject: I was fishing, in the autumn, with a friend, on a river that has high rocky banks. In these circumstances it is very easy, as I think has been mentioned in your columns before, to watch the behaviour of fish when the fly passes over them. By taking up a position on the bank just a little down river

from the angler, you may see the fly working round, and detect any movement of a fish in the pool. It thus happened that very often the watcher on the bank would see fish moving up to inspect the fly, that were not seen at all to move by the cister of the fly. Sometimes they would again and again follow the fly right across the pool, keeping their noses about a foot from it, but never taking it. But the most curious thing that we ever saw was this—and it ought, I think, to be not without its lesson for the angler: I was fishing one pool, while my friend was watching, with a rather small Silver Doctor, on which my friend called to me that a very big fish was following it. I fished again and again for him, moving him several times, but getting no bite. Then my friend came down and fished the pool with a rather larger Butcher. Not a fish moved to him. "Try a Silver Doctor," I called to him. So he put on a Silver Doctor. We had none of a smaller size than the one I had been trying, or else we should have tried the same pattern smaller; failing that, we had to try it larger. At the second cast there moved to my friend's Silver Doctor, not one, but two fish, yet neither of them the big one that I had moved before. These two followed the fly round twice, yet neither of them took it. For a throw or two no fish moved, and then these two two or three times came again, but never took the fly, and I never saw the big one move. I called to my friend, and made him take my rod, to which the smaller-sized Doctor was still attached, and at the very first cast he moved the big fish again who had come to me. To cut a long story short, we spent, I should think, an hour at that one spot, trying experiments, first one throwing with one fly, and then another, but the result was always, with a strange repetition, the same: the big fish rose to the small Doctor, the other smaller fish to the larger one, time after time. It was really as if they were brought by some magnetic or mechanical attraction, rather than by their volition, so constantly did the same thing repeat itself. When we tried any other fly no fish would take an interest in it at all, even though it were a silver-bodied fly. I may mention that though we killed two fish that day, neither was killed in the pool I have been speaking of, and neither with a Silver Doctor, although, after our experience, we naturally tried that fly most. It all goes to show that fish really are very discriminating, and that perhaps the man whom we are inclined to laugh at for changing his fly so often may be right after all.—E. N.

#### TO FIND A DEAD RAT IN A HOUSE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Our house has been overrun lately with a plague of rats. Having exhausted all other known measures to get rid of them, in the absence of a Pied Piper we have had recourse to poison, and now find ourselves living, as it were, on a volcano, in terror of a fearful smell of decaying rat arising from flooring and wainscot. Already there is a suspicion, or the ghost of a suspicion, of a smell, that one has died under the floor of the best bedroom. I live in hopes that this may be imaginary, only it is so easy to smell a smell that one is expecting, even when it is not there; but, at the same time, I have to admit that there may be something (such as a dead rat) in it. The trouble is that, though we are clear enough about the room in which the smell, or the suspicion of a smell, arises, to locate the spot in the room whence the smell emanates seems to defy all the experts. In the multitude of counsellors, no doubt, there is wisdom, but when one counsellor tells you that following his nose leads him to the smell in one corner of the room, and another counsellor that his nose leads him to the opposite corner, it is a little hard to know which counsellor is really the wise one. My object in writing to you is to ask whether you happen to know, or can suggest, any means of finding out where the smell comes from—that is, apart from the heroic measure of pulling all the floor boards up? I sincerely hope that long before you have time to answer, if you are kindly disposed to do so, the smell, or the suspicion thereof, may have died a natural death; but if not, and if, as is only too possible, other suspicions of smells arise in other rooms, it would be a great boon to all the family if, out of the plenitude of your experience in country house life, you could tell us how we may locate the cause of our trouble. Thanking you in anticipation.—EARNEST ENQUIRER.

[We may congratulate "Earnest Enquirer" on the humour with which he faces a situation verging on the tragic. Poisoning always entails a risk of the horrors that our correspondent indicates or fears. If poison be used at all, it should be of the kind that impels the poor creatures, in their torment, to rush to the nearest drinking-place, thus fairly ensuring that they shall die outside the house. The recognised means of finding out the exact spot where the corpse of a rat lies beneath flooring or in the walls is to make use of more acute olfactory senses than the human ones. Sometimes a terrier will indicate it exactly by scratching over the spot, but you cannot be sure that he will condescend to take interest in a rat that has long been dead, and if it lie anywhere above the wainscot, in the wall, it is hard for him to give you a true guide. The best nose for carrion is possessed by a bluebottle, and the classical recipe is to go to a butcher's shop, to catch a dozen or more bluebottles in a butterfly net, to transfer them to a wide-mouthed bottle, to bring them home and let them fly in the room that you suspect to be the dead rat's maudlin. After a quarter of an hour or so of aimless buzzing, while they are getting used to their surroundings, they will infallibly begin to settle over the exact spot of floor or wall where the dead rat lies. They are the best of all detectives. Unfortunately just at this wintry season the bluebottle is rather a *rara avis*, but possibly a few may be found. Failing them, we can but suggest the terrier. Did "Earnest Enquirer" try the old-fashioned plan of catching a rat, anointing it freely with tar, and then letting it go down the hole again? It usually seems to answer, and is at least more humane than the wholesale poisoning.—ED.]

#### A SUMMER COTTAGE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—If you or any of your numerous readers could assist me with information upon the following subject I should be grateful. I live in a city, but have strong tastes for country pursuits, especially for cattle. Whilst intending my chief residence to remain as at present, I desire to have a place to run down to for a day or two a week and more in summer seasons. With this in view I have bought about twenty acres good grass land, but no house or buildings suitable upon it. I am thinking of building a house with, say, three reception-rooms, five or six bedrooms, and perhaps a billiard-room, and outbuildings to accommodate such cattle (no butter-making) as I could keep, a few pigs, dogs, poultry, coach-house and stabling for three horses. I favour wood and brick for style of house. Can you or any of your readers tell me of anything similar having been built, and the cost, and of any specially good arrangement for buildings, and where such could be seen?—247, P.O., Bristol.